TALES FROM THE TOMB

47395
SEPT. 1972
60¢

Featuring:

THE INCREDIBLE MAN WHO PLAYED A GAME OF DEATH

THE WEIRD CORPSE

AN ACCIDENT CREATED

NAKED HORROR

WAS IT ALIVE OR DEAD?

THE STRANGE FRIEND

ONLY $1.00

Enter the WONDERFUL WORLD Of *AMAZING* LIVE

SEA-MONKEYS®

Own a BOWLFULL OF HAPPINESS — *Instant* PETS!

Just ADD WATER—that's ALL! In ONE SECOND your AMAZING Sea-Monkeys **actually** COME TO LIFE! Now, simply grow and enjoy the most adorable pets ever to bring smiles, laughter and fun into your home.

SO EAGER, TO PLEASE, THEY CAN EVEN BE TRAINED TO PERFORM TRICKS!

Always clowning around, these frolicsome pets swim, stunt and play games with each other. Because they are so full of tricks, you'll never tire of watching them. And raising Sea-Monkeys is so **easy** even a six-year old can do so without help.

Sea-Monkeys eat very little, and they keep their water so clean, they require only a minimum of care although they LOVE attention. Anyone who enjoys the company of pets will ADORE Sea-Monkeys. Best of all, we even show you how to teach them to obey your commands and do tricks like a pack of friendly trained seals. What a way to surprise all your friends.

FREE:

ONE-YEAR SUPPLY of Sea-Monkey GROWTH FOOD; A supply of LIVING PLASMA and a supply of WATER PURIFIER Formula. A magnificent fully-illustrated manual of Sea-Monkey Care, Raising, Training and Breeding; PLUS our Famous GROWTH GUARANTEE IN WRITING!

UNICORN HOUSE DEPT 65_X_____
200 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK, 10010

IT SOUNDS GREAT! Please send my Sea-Monkey kit(s) and my FREE supplies and guarantee. I must be 100% satisfied or you will refund my money. I enclose $1.00 plus 30¢ shipping charges for each kit.

Send _____ kit(s) ☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order
(No C.O.D.'s Please) Total amount enclosed $_____

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State ..... Zip .....

☐ SUPER-RUSH ORDERS (50¢ extra)

DISCOVER THE HIDDEN SECRETS OF NATURE'S MOST EXOTIC AND MYSTERIOUS HOUSE PLANT!

The VENUS' FLY TRAP

- **See how it lures, traps, eats and digests insects up to 20 times it's size.**
- **Learn how you can actually train it with a pencil to perform only for you.**
- **Feed it raw hamburger from your hand.**
- **Experiment with it at home or school.**

The Venus Fly Trap will grow easily in your home. It blooms into a bright green leafed plant with pink and white flowers, in only 3-4 weeks and produces 6-12 traps per plant. Each pack comes with soil, bulbs and a complete instruction booklet, filled with fascinating facts and hints. Mail in this coupon today and start a Venus Fly Trap garden of your own. You'll be Delighted!

only $1.00

2-Plant Pack—$1.35
4-Plant Pack—$2.25
Mirobar Sales Corp. Dept. CWH-102
964 Third Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

Mirobar Sales Corp.
Dept. CWH-102
964 Third Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send my Venus Fly Trap including soil, bulbs and instruction booklet at once.

2-bulb pack — $1.00 + 35¢ postage and handling
4-bulb pack — $2.00 + 25¢ postage and handling
☐ RUSH ORDERS add 25 cents.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State ..... Zip .....

New York State Residents add sales tax.

TALES FROM THE TOMB

CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER 1972 VOL. 4 NO. 4

THE WEIRD CORPSE 4

A bewitching and terrifying debacle of death on a chessboard.

NAKED HORROR 9

A blood-draining shocker of an accident and the man who faced his fate of naked horror.

FIREBALL 14

A frightening and unusual account of lightning locked in a ball.

STRANGE FRIEND 18

The gruesome events that followed a weird murder on a deserted island.

DEMON 23

Strange things happen in the night as a demon steps from the murky blackness.

DECISION FROM BEYOND 28

Step into the future where the seeds of violence are planted by those who seek peace.

VENGEANCE 34

A shockerama of horror reveals itself as madness becomes the norm.

THE DEVIL'S ZOMBIE 39

The living dead rose from the smelly swamp to claim the victim as satan's very own.

MASK OF THE MONSTER 46

The lady was a comic editor of horror stories who became the victim of a monster from beyond.

CARL BURGOS, Editor IRVING FASS, Art Director
EZRA JACKSON, Art Editor

TALES FROM THE TOMB is published bi-monthly by Eerie Publications, Inc., 222 Park Avenue South, New York, N. Y. 10003. The publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material. Any resemblance to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. All rights reserved. Copyright © 1972 is pending versal Copyright Conventions. Single-copy price: 60¢. Application: to mail at second-class rate under Uni- at New York, N. Y. Printed in U.S.A.

IT WAS ONLY A CHESS FIGURINE MOLDED FROM LIFELESS EBONY....BUT IN EVERY GAME, ITS SHADOW LOOMED LIKE A CREEPING SPECTRE, A HORRIBLE VISION OF DEATH!

the WEIRD CORPSE

UNDER A PALE LIGHT, DR. BARDO DEFTLY USES A WHITTLING KNIFE....SHAPING, CREATING A NEW CHESS SET FOR HIS COLLECTION....

THIS IS THE LAST PIECE. BUT IT WILL BE MY CROWNING GLORY....THE STAR AMONG STARS....

AND SOON THE "STAR" SHINES BRIGHTLY!

THERE.... **COMPLETED.** SO BEAUTIFUL. I...I WILL GIVE A PARTY AND SHOW YOU OFF. ***HA! HA!***

COME ON, DR. BARDO.. ..SHOW US YOUR NEW SET!
YES.... DO!
IT IS NOT THE WHOLE SET.....JUST A FEW CHOICE PIECES. BUT....

....THERE THEY ARE!
OOOO! THAT EBONY KNIGHT LOOKS SO EERIE!

BARDO, THE SET IS A MASTERPIECE. BUT....THE EBONY KING HAS YOUR FACE....AND THIS PIECE...
...IS BLANK. IT'S A MYSTICAL TOUCH, ISN'T IT?

BARDO, THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THIS SET...? I'VE GOT TO HAVE IT. I'LL PLAY YOU A GAME OF CHESS FOR IT!
WELL, MARIK.... THE STAKES ARE HIGH. BUT I ACCEPT!

THE GAME WENT FAR INTO THE NIGHT... THE GUESTS TRICKLED OUT ONE BY ONE... UNTIL ONLY THE TWO PLAYERS REMAINED.. ...THEN...
I'VE GOT YOU NOW, BARDO. SOON, YOUR SET WILL BE MINE.
YOU'RE CARELESS, MARIK. I'VE BAITED A TRAP!

I MOVE THE BLACK KNIGHT AND.... CHECKMATE. I'VE WON.
WHAT? IT CAN'T BE!!!

BUT AS MARIK FONDLES THE CHESS PIECES IN HIS HOME, HIS EYES BLAZE HEATEDLY....FOR SOMETHING HAS OCCURRED....

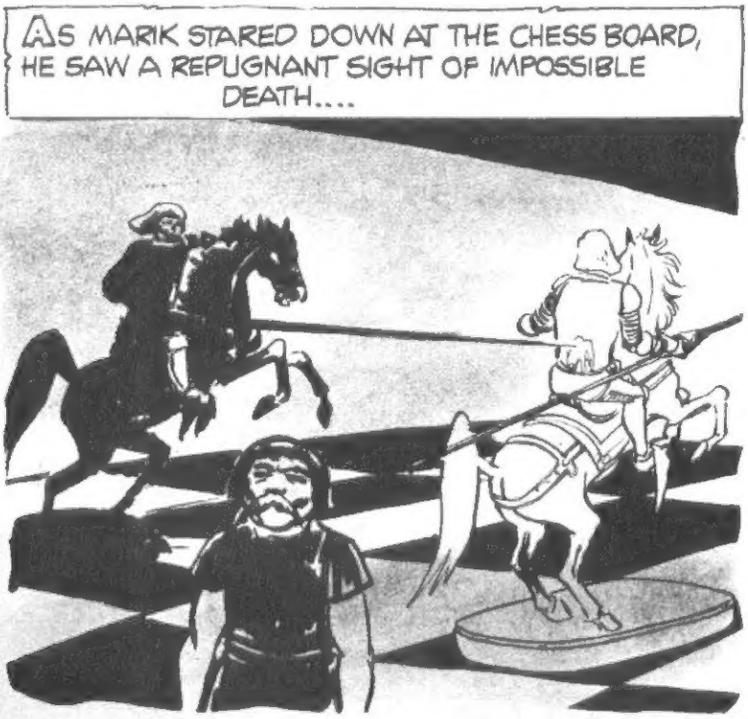
THEN SUDDENLY, A COLD, RANCID WISP OF DEATH APPEARS....

I WILL PLAY YOU ANOTHER GAME. IF YOU WIN....YOU GO FREE. BUT, IF YOU LOSE.... YOU FORFEIT YOUR LIFE!
I HAVE NO CHOICE. I...I MUST PLAY!

LIKE WEIRD, MUTED WARRIORS, THE CARVED CHESS FIGURINES FACED EACH OTHER....CAVERNOUS BLACK AGAINST SPECTRAL WHITE....
I....I MOVE MY KNIGHT... UH....THERE!
AHHH. IT FACES THE BLACK KNIGHT. THEN....I MUST....

...TAKE IT! YOU LOST THAT PIECE, MARIK!

SWIFT, ELECTRIFYING HOURS PASS.....UNTIL....
IT....IT'S DAWN....AND THE GHOST IS LEAVING. HAVE I BEEN DREAMING....? HAVE I.... OHHH....THE BOARD....


AS MARIK STARED DOWN AT THE CHESS BOARD, HE SAW A REPUGNANT SIGHT OF IMPOSSIBLE DEATH....

IT....IT'S BLOOD! NOW, I KNOW. I REPRESENT LIFE....AND HE DEATH. AND....THAT'S WHY THE IVORY KING LOOKS LIKE ME....BECAUSE IT IS ME. IF IT DIES, I WILL DIE. I'VE GOT TO WIN....WIN....WIN....

THAT NIGHT, AS THE GAME CONTINUED, MARIK'S MIND SIZZLED....HE WATCHED BARDO'S PLAN OF ATTACK WITHER. EACH OF HIS MOVES BURST WITH DESTINY....

I'M WINNING, BARDO... ***WINNING!***

YOU ARE A CLEVER PLAYER, MARIK....

...BUT NOT CLEVER ENOUGH. ***CHECKMATE.***

NO!!

DON'T....MY CHEST.... ***PAINS.*** GOT TO....GET THE ***IVORY KING....*** AWAY....

BUT, AS MARIK GRABBED LONGINGLY FOR THE IVORY KING.....

GOT IT! AIEEEE!

DOWN....DOWN....DOWN....TO ***DEATH!***

AND IN THE APPALLING SILENCE OF MARIK'S ROOM, A CHESS FIGURINE STOOD IN ITS EBONY MAJESTY, ITS DRIPPING LANCE SEEMING TO CHALLENGE LIFE ITSELF!

THE END

NAKED HORROR

ONCE I WAS JED BARNES, A GUY WITH A FACE THAT SMILED... NOW... I'M A CIPHER! A GREAT BIG COVERED-UP WOUND!
A...HEM...!
THE MONEY I GOT FOR MY ACCIDENT SHOULD LAST FOR A LITTLE WHILE!
WELL, WHAT'S THE PROGRAM FOR TODAY, MR. MUMMY HEAD? MIGHT AS WELL GO OUT!
I GRITTED MY TEETH! I HAD TO FACE ANOTHER DAY AND THE FIRST OBSTACLE WAS MY LANDLADY...
MORNING, MRS. LUCAS!
I... I'M SORRY, MR. BARNES, BUT YOU STARTLED ME!
THAT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT, MRS. LUCAS!
SHE DIDN'T MIND TO MUCH, A LITTLE SHOCK, MAYBE, BUT A QUICK RECOVERY, THE FIRST FLUSH OF DAYLIGHT SMACKED MY BANDAGED FACE, I LIKE IT!
NOW FOR A STROLL!
NOBODY WAS AROUND, COULD BE THAT'S WHAT GAVE ME A FALSE SENSE OF SECURITY! SUDDENLY, A PASSER-BY TOOK A QUICK LOOK AT ME... AND WENT ON! THEN ANOTHER... AND ANOTHER... EACH PEEKING AT ME AS THOUGH I WAS SOME SORT OF FREAK!
EVERYTHING IN ME SEEMED TO COLLAPSE LIKE A STACK OF DISHES! I HAD TO GET AWAY, BE BY MYSELF -- AWAY FROM EVERYBODY!
... GO TO STOCK UP ON... CONFIDENCE!
10

I NEED SOMETHING TO BOLSTER ME... UP! MAYBE A GOOD MEAL!

I PICKED OUT A QUIET RESTAURANT, I WALKED IN, AND CAME FACE TO FACE WITH THE MAITRE DE, I KNEW WHAT WAS IN HIS MIND...
LOOK, I'M HUNGRY! I GOT PLENTY OF MONEY! I WON'T DISTURB ANYBODY!
I'M SORRY, BUT THERE... IS... NO... ROOM!

IT WAS BECOMING MESSY, SO I TURNED AROUND AND STOMPED OUT!
YOU KNOW I TURNED DOWN A FILET MIGNON FOR THIS!

THE TWO DOGS AND A BOTTLE OF SODA POP DIDN'T HELP, I STILL FELT LOW, DEPRESSED, DOWN IN THE DUMPS!
I DON'T BELONG HERE! THIS IS FOR THE LIVING! THEY PITY ME... BUT THEY DON'T WANT TO SEE ME!

I WALKED AND WALKED! I DIDN'T HAVE A DIRECTION! WHO CARED? THAT SICKLY FEELING OF LONELINESS, ATE ME UP ALIVE... THERE HAD TO BE AN END... END... END...
CAN'T TAKE IT! THOSE SILENT INSULTS! ENOUGH TO DRIVE ANYONE INTO THE...?! GRAVE...?!! SURE! WHY...NOT? I... WONDER...?!

I WAS ON A BRIDGE! IT WOULDN'T TAKE MUCH, A JUMP... THEN SILENCE... WAS ANYBODY LOOKING? THERE WAS A GIRL... SUDDENLY, I ROCKED! SHE WAS ABOUT TO JUMP...TOO...
HEY! THAT... GIRL! CLIMBING... OVER THE... RAIL...!

I LAUGHED! PROBABLY AN EPIDEMIC! BUT WHAT WAS IT THAT MADE ME RUSH TO HER...
LET ME GO! PLEASE... LET ME GO!
NO, YOU DON'T! YOU'VE GOT EVERYTHING IN THE WORLD TO LIVE FOR!

MY ARGUMENTS WORE HER DOWN!
IT'S THE USUAL STORY! A GIRL FROM THE STICKS... TRIES TO HIT SHOW BUSINESS... MEETS GUYS WITH GLINT IN THEIR EYES BUT YOU'RE DIFFERENT!
THANKS! YOU'RE THE FIRST PERSON THAT TOOK MY FACE... WITHOUT BATTING AN EYE-LASH!

SURE, I'M CURIOUS... ABOUT THE BANDAGES, BUT THERE'S MORE TO A HUMAN BEING THAN A FACE!

I TOOK HER HOME... TO A TINY APARTMENT THAT WAS NEAT... CLEAN... WELL-MANAGED!
WELL, JED, NOW YOU GOT THE STORY OF MY LIFE IN DETAIL!
LISTEN, RUTH... AND DON'T GET THE WRONG IDEA, WELL--UH--I'VE GOT MONEY, YOU CAN HAVE SOME... IF YOU LIKE... WITHOUT STRINGS ATTACHED!

I FELT REBORN AFTER MEETING RUTH, WE SAW EACH OTHER DAILY FOR A MONTH UNTIL...
RUTH, YOU'RE SURE YOU WANT THIS?
DON'T SPOIL OUR WEDDING DAY, JED! I WAS NEVER MORE SURE OF ANYTHING IN MY LIFE!
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE MARRIAGE PERFORMED

THE NEXT FEW MONTHS WERE THE HAPPIEST IN MY WHOLE LIFE! ONLY ONE THING MARRED IT! RUTH INSISTED I TELL HER ABOUT MY ACCIDENT!
IT WON'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE, JED!
ALL RIGHT, RUTH, I WAS A MACHINIST! A DARN GOOD ONE.. WORKING ON CUTTING MACHINES...

IT WAS DELICATE WORK! I HAD TO BE CAREFUL! BUT... I DIDN'T SEE THAT OVER-HEAD CRANE... I HAD STEPPED BACK TO ADJUST A LEVER... WHEN IT... THAT CRANE STRUCK ME... KNOCKED ME ONTO THE CONVEYOR BELT...

I NEVER HAD A CHANCE! I WAS DRAWN INTO THOSE RAZOR SHARP BLADES! HAPPENED SO FAST I COULDN'T EVEN... SCREAM! I AWOKE A WEEK LATER... IN THE HOSPITAL...

I WAS SOPPING WET AFTER I TOLD THE STORY! I FELT WEAK... TERRIBLY WEAK! I HAD MY BANDAGED HEAD ON RUTH'S LAP... AND CRIED LIKE A BABY...
JED! IT'S OVER! BUT YOU MUSTN'T HIDE BEHIND THOSE BANDAGES THE REST OF YOUR LIFE? THEY'LL HAVE TO COME OFF SOME DAY...

RUTH WAS RIGHT! THE BANDAGES WOULD HAVE TO COME OFF... SOME DAY! AND SHE KEPT HARPING ON THAT FACT! THEN ONE NIGHT IT HAPPENED...
HAVE YOU GONE MAD? MUST YOU SATISFY THAT INSANE CURIOUSITY...?!
YOU HAVE TO TAKE THEM OFF...

SUDDENLY, AN UNCONTROLLED RAGE FLOODED MY BRAIN AND I LASHED OUT BLINDLY...
JUST LIKE EVERYONE ELSE...!

YOU'RE... NO DIFFERENT! WANT TO SEE WHAT MY FACE IS LIKE...? OKAY...! HERE... LOOK!

SHE SAW ALL RIGHT...

I DIDN'T HAVE TO LOOK IN A MIRROR! IT WAS ALL WRITTEN THERE IN HER EYES... COLD NAKED HORROR... WHEN THE LAST SHRED OF GAUZE FELL AWAY...
SATISFIED??
The End

FIREBALL

WE ALL KNOW WHAT LIGHTNING IS, but *ball lightning* remains one of the most controversial subjects of electrical science in this country. Does ball lightning exist as a kind of natural fire or not? Many top American scientists question it. But recently a new phenomenon much like the fireball is reported to have become the basis of an exotic weapon concept—something like a death ray technique. Here we are to have a fireball doughnut tossed into the bright blue beyond from a skillet-like radar antenna. This "sinker of fire" will become maneuverable against incoming planes, rockets or ICBMs on a vortex of *other* radar beams. Perhaps this is the latest thing in protective package mixes!

While American physicists question the validity of natural ball lightning they are all quite agreed on another electrical entity called "plasma", sometimes named "electronic flames". The U.S. Patent Office has issued several patents on devices generating electronic flame. If ball lightning exists at all, then some of our scientists say it must be a form of "electrodeless discharge", or, if you prefer the technical, "an x-band microwave plasma". Both electrodeless discharge and plasma are fully accepted by American science.

When an electric current becomes powerful enough to jump through a gas, that has "glows"—lights up. The gas glows because billions of electrically charged particles called "ions" and "electrons" move about at tremendous speeds, colliding with the gas molecules themselves. This collision produces tiny beams of light. Congregating, these concentrations become large enough to see. The light produced by a fluorescent tube, or an electric welder's arc, the pale glow of the Aurora Borealis, the blinding flash of regular lightning are all variations of electrical discharge in a gas. If there were no gas, no discharge could be *seen*. The fluor-

escent tube and the welder's arc have electrodes. The aurora and lightning have none – are said to be electrodeless.

When an electric current has power enough to pass through a gas it is said to "ionize" that gas – make a plasma of it. The use of the word "plasma" here should *not* be confused with blood plasma; the two are no relation, merely different uses of the same word. But scientists have been able to perform a kind of "surgery" on such ionized plasma. They have found means to "pinch it off", to cut it into pieces, so to speak, to form it into balls or doughnut-shaped masses. In other words, scientists have been able to set portions of plasma free from their main body and to make them mobile. These balls or doughnuts of plasma are the basis of the new weapon concept. They will be motivated by radar beams – and so *guided.*

Russia's Professor Georgi I. Babat pointed out in 1959 that a skillet-shaped antenna eighteen and one half feet in diameter was capable of building a one centimeter wave which would produce a fireball at a point a mile from the ground. Though Professor Babat is a member of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, G. M. Kezhizanovski Power Institute, American scientists did not take his statemnts seriously because Babat wrote them in a popular magazine rather than in a scientific journal. This could have been a mistake. Babat had been working on this matter 30 years. He may have been inspired by the early experiments of our own Nikola Tesla at Colorado Springs, Colorado, at the turn of the century.

Ball lightning's surface temperature is estimated at around 9,000 degrees F. This discharge, at times, builds a pressure of 100,000 pounds per square inch. Too, our scientists may have overlooked important experiments conducted at the Ernest Mach Institute in Freiburg, West Germany. These showed radar production of ball lightning quite possible – and of importance.

Just how advanced American science may have become since on these matters, is not publishable presently. However, Dr. Donald J. Ritchie, Supervising Mathematician, Advanced Research Group, Bendix Aviation Corp., Detroit, issued a technical paper titled, *Ball Lightning – Application to Weapon Systems.* Here the fantastic death ray idea of fireballs shows to be much more solid than a mere ghost of science fiction. Other scientific institutions working in the ball lightning-plasma branch of research are Armour Research Foundation, Chicago, and the Raytheon Corp., Wayland, Mass. Our Air Force remains unwilling to discuss this matter at present. The United States' efforts seem much like a floating ice cube in a glass of water – only a small portion of it remaining above the surface of security.

In August 1961, Dr. Ritchie published the book, *Ball Lightning.* Parts of this work are the translations of seven Russian scientific papers by P. L. Kapitas; Georgi I. Babat; G. I. Kogan-Belelskii; V. D. Shafranov; V. V. Yankov, and Yu. P. Ladekov. *Ball Lightning* summarizes published Russian positions in this important phenomenon. At present Dr. Ritchie is writing a new book on ball lightning to be published in 1968.

Photographs of natural ball lightning have always been hard to get. A few photos are available. They are discounted heavily by present-day American scientists. 30 years ago an otherwise highly reputable physicist at Nebraska Wesleyan University, Dr. John C. Jensen, exposed several negatives which showed fireballs in the making. These negatives were exposed during lightning displays, August 30, 1930, between 9:40 and 9:45 P.M. Jensen's photos were first published in *Physics,* in 1931. Immediately they became the focus of controversy. It was claimed the plates were imperfect or damaged, or showed double exposure by accident.

However, the plates were exposed in two different cameras not the same size or mechanism. Thus it seems unlikely *both* would suffer from the same film flaw or the same accidental double exposure. Mr. Robert R. Jensen, Dr. John C. Jensen's son, now owns the negatives. He wrote me that he was present during the exposure of the negatives and in the darkroom while the films were developed immediately afterward. RRJ says no accident happened. He relates further that his father was *not*

attempting to obtain photographs of ball lightning at all. Rather, the elder Jensen was trying to get photographs of *branching lightning* for his four-year study and thesis, *The Branching Of Lightning And The Polarity Of Thunder Clouds.* The ball lightning results were quite unexpected – a virtual windfall. There have been other ball lightning photographs published in this country and in Europe, but none of these have satisfied American scientists either. Recently, scientists of the Bell Telephone Laboratories were fortunate in capturing, in color, several remarkable photos of "bead lightning", a close relative of ball lightning. So far, no question has been raised against these photos.

Because natural ball lightning has been so controversial, and because of new portent as a weapon assist has grown, the phenomenon became interesting to Dr. J. Rand McNally, Jr., a physicist at Oak Ridge National Laboratories, Oak Ridge, Tennessee. In following up his interest Dr. McNally conducted a survey among Oak Ridge employees during 1962. All labor classifications were asked to fill out an extensive questionaire. Tabulations of these answers showed fireballs may not be so uncommon in this country as once believed. Study of the results formed the basis of a scientific paper presented before The American Physical Society, by Dr. McNally. Many of the survey answers were dramatic – like this one which said, "During a storm the oven door in the stove was knocked open and the ball lightning rolled out!"

On a contrary tack, Mr. J. H. Hagenuth, manager of High Voltage Research, Transformer Division, General Electric Co., Pittsfield, Massachusetts, gives his views. Mr. Hagenuth says he has directed high voltage research for many years with both man-made and natural lightning. He claims, though his teams of workers, "have taken thousands of natural lightning photographs, they have *not found one photo* with *any* ball lightning connotations what so ever." (italics mine). His view is that natural ball lightning lives only in "a condition set up in the human eye retina" This condition results from the human eye being "hypnotized" by the light of a regular lightning stroke. Late in March, 1961, Mr. Hagenuth completed for GE a 22-page *Memorandum On Ball Lightning.* Here he presents further evidence strengthening his convictions that natural ball lightning does not actually occur.

In Russia, strong indications seem to exist that additional work with high-powered electromagnetic radiation – under which ball lightning must be classified – is being done at Moscow University, Leningrad University, and Leningrad Polytechnic Institute. Some believe that here sceintists have already controlled ball lightning for use as a weapon!

A few American scientists feel ball lightning may come under what the call an "electro-chemical manifestation involving peculiarities of air currents, perhaps pockets of nitrogen gas in the low atmosphere, along with demonstrations of atmospheric electricity". Many times, when fireballs have burst, reports follow that a strong pungent scent of nitrous oxide is present. Occasionally, a faint reddish-brown or bluish mist also is reported to have appeared. These would speak of nitrogen's presence.

If fireballs are at all, what do they look like? Those who say they have seen them mention that ball lightning always travels leisurely – never hurries, sometimes stopping to hover, often changing speeds and directions – even backing up. A fireball can be described as a "luminous globe, generally bright red, with an average diameter of 20 centimeters (about eight inches)". Others only one or two centimeters have been noted. At least one record says a lightning ball of 150 centimeters, or 60 inches across, was observed.

Records of color vary too. In addition to red, green is frequently given, but there are records of blue, yellow, violet and even white ones.

Often fireballs attach themselves to a roof ridge, an eaves gutter, a power or telephone line, or a top fence wire. They roll along these, sometimes "walking" on their tops, other times hanging from the bottom like a monorail car. Fireballs enter buildings frequently. They do this through open doors or windows. Too, they are reported often coming down chimney flues into fireplaces which have no dampers, or down ventilating shafts. One report says a fireball entered a room through an

open window which was *screened* with a *metal* screen! Still another report records, "A globe of ball lightning was seen to land on the rim of an open water tank. After circling the tank's rim several times the ball fell into the tank which held a little water. There was much hissing and sputtering. Afterward, the water was found to be hot."

Fireballs are certainly a challenge to present scientific thinking. Plasma physics research occupies some of today's best minds. The cleverness of man has created some "new" things – at least, things not yet found in nature. But *all* nature has not yet been "found out", revealed to us. Likely, before this decade ends, ball lightning will be "accepted" as other than a "wives tale". Those who have *seen* ball lightning are not thought nearly so "tetched" by scientists as they were a decade ago. If you have seen ball lightning, this writer will be pleased to hear about it.

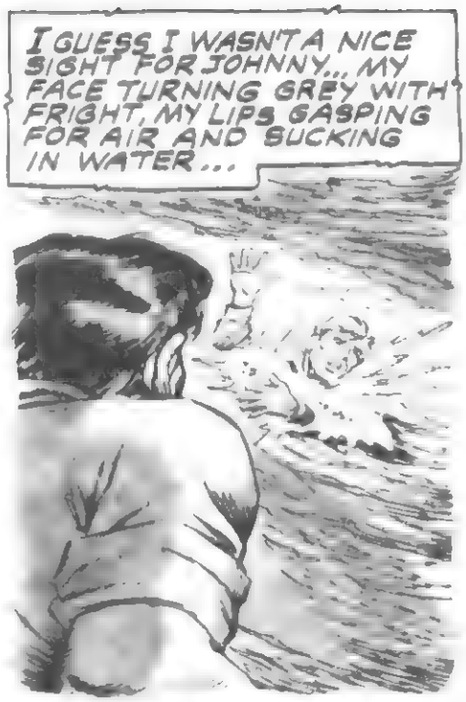
EVEN THOUGH MY APPEARANCE IS AGAINST ME, YOU MAY WANT ME FOR A **FRIEND** SOMEDAY!

THE STRANGE FRIEND

JOHNNY AND I WERE OUT FISHING IN MY LITTLE SCHOONER! IT WAS LATE AFTERNOON, AND A STORM WAS BREWING IN THE GREY SKY...

I DIDN'T KNOW THEN--BUT JOHNNY WAS ABLE TO TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF! AS A MATTER OF FACT, HE WAS PLANNING TO TAKE CARE OF **ME**!

A LITTLE SHOVE WAS ENOUGH...
YAAAAA!


I GUESS I WASN'T A NICE SIGHT FOR JOHNNY... MY FACE TURNING GREY WITH FRIGHT, MY LIPS GASPING FOR AIR AND SUCKING IN WATER...

AFTER A WHILE, EVERYTHING WAS PEACEFUL... I MERELY DRIFTED LAZILY WITH THE TIDE...

BUT THINGS WEREN'T SO QUIET FOR JOHNNY, THE STORM GOT WORSE, THE MOTOR CONKED OUT SO HE COULDN'T NOSE THE BOAT INTO THE WAVES AND HE HAD TO TAKE TO THE WATER...

FOR ME IT WAS EASY... DRIFTING WITH THE CURRENT... BUT JOHNNY HAD TO FIGHT THE WAVES, AND BY THE TIME HE MADE A TINY ISLAND, HE WAS ALL TUCKERED OUT...

HE LAY THERE SLEEPING SO HEAVILY, HE DIDN'T HEAR THE WAVES BEATING IN ON THE SHORE... SCRAPING AND GRINDING...

... AND DRAGGING ME UP WITH THEM, EACH TIME I'D LAND A LITTLE HIGHER ON THE BEACH! FINALLY I WAS SITTING NICE AND COMFY NEXT TO HIM!

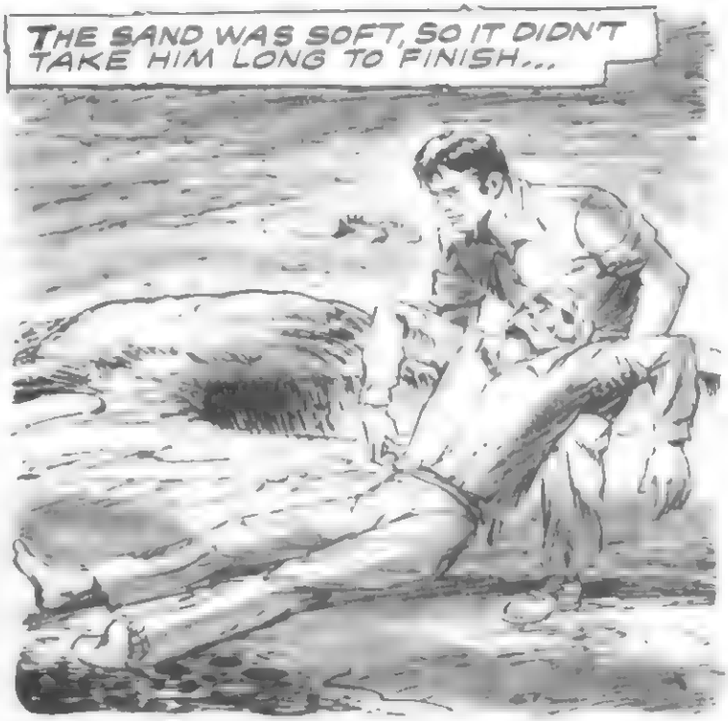
I GUESS IT WAS KIND OF A SHOCK FOR JOHNNY TO WAKE UP AND SEE ME RIGHT THERE SITTING NEXT TO HIM! MY EYES HAD BEEN A CHOICE MORSEL FOR SOME FISH, MY SKIN WAS AN UGLY YELLOW GREEN...

FOR A WHILE HE WAS SICK... THEN HE GRABBED ME AND WADED INTO THE SEA...
GET OUT OF HERE! GET BACK IN THE WATER WHERE YOU BELONG!

HE DIDN'T THROW ME VERY FAR THOUGH, AND AS THE FOAM-TOPPED WATER RUSHED TOWARD THE SHORE, I WAS CARRIED BACK TO HIM...
GET OUT OF HERE, YOU FILTHY CORPSE!

YELLING AT ME DIDN'T DO ANY GOOD BECAUSE I WAS DEAD! HE WADED FARTHER OUT WITH ME.. AGAIN AND AGAIN-- BUT EACH TIME THE SEA DRAGGED ME IN, AND FINALLY HE SAT STILL, JUST STARING!

SUDDENLY, HE LEAPED UP LIKE A CRAZY MAN, LAUGHING! HIS FINGERS CLAWING AT THE SAND!
WHAT A DOPE I WAS! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO WITH THE DEAD! BURY THEM!


THE SAND WAS SOFT, SO IT DIDN'T TAKE HIM LONG TO FINISH...

HEH! HEH! HERE'S MUD IN YOUR EYE!

YOU WON'T CRAWL OUT OF THERE! NOW I CAN RELAX!

THE TROUBLE WAS THAT JOHNNY COULDN'T RELAX! FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS HE KEPT BUSY MAKING A LONG POLE AND TYING HIS SHIRT TO IT-- BUT EVERY FEW MINUTES HE'D SNEAK A LOOK AT THE SPOT...

THEN, AFTER A WHILE ALL HE DID WAS STARE AT ME! HE THOUGHT HE COULD SEE ME...
THE ISLAND...IT...IT'S TOO SMALL FOR BOTH OF US! I GOTTA GET HIM OUTTA HERE!

SO ALL HIS WORK WAS FOR NOTHING! JUST AS HE DUG THE HOLE, HE CLAWED THE SAND OUT, AND PULLED ME UP!
I KNOW WHAT TO DO NOW! YOU AND ME IS PARTING COMPANY FOR GOOD!

HE BRAIDED A ROPE OUT OF VINES, THEN TIED ONE END AROUND A BIG ROCK, AND THE OTHER END AROUND ME...
LET'S SEE YOU GET OUTTA THIS!

HE TOSSED ME AND THE ROCK INTO THE WATER, AND THEN SAT BACK ON THE BEACH...
NOW ALL I GOTTA DO IS WAIT FOR SOMEONE TO PICK ME UP AND I'M ALL SET!

DAYS PASSED! JOHNNY LIVED ON OYSTERS AND CRABS, AND I LAY ON THE BOTTOM, ROTTING AWAY...

ALL THE WHILE JOHNNY KEPT LOOKING OUT TO SEA, WAITING... WAITING... BUT NO ONE CAME! IT MUST HAVE BEEN A STRAIN ON HIM, BECAUSE HE BEGAN TALKING TO HIMSELF... MORE AND MORE... SUDDENLY, HE JUMPED UP, EXCITED... AND STARTED RUNNING INTO THE WATER...
I--I CAN'T STAND IT ANYMORE! I'M ALL ALONE IN THIS FORSAKEN-- WHA--? IS THAT SOMEBODY?
HEY! I'M OVER HERE! WAIT! I'M COMING... I'M COMING!
COME ON! LEMME HELP YOU ASHORE! IT'S NOT FAR!

AT FIRST I COULDN'T FIGURE IT OUT... THERE WAS NO ONE IN SIGHT, AND YET HE RAN DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE WATER...
GEE, I'M GLAD YOU CAME! IT WAS VERY LONELY WITHOUT YA!

...THEN I GOT IT! IT WAS ME JOHNNY WAS WELCOMING! THE CORD HAD FRAYED LOOSE, AND I WAS ROLLING IN WITH THE WAVES! HE DRAGGED ME ASHORE, TALKING A MILE-A-MINUTE... YEH--WE'RE REAL BUDDIES NOW!
THIS IS THE LIFE, EH, HILTON, OLD BOY? YES, SIR... WHEN TWO PALS GET TOGETHER, WHO NEEDS THE REST OF THE WORLD?
THE END

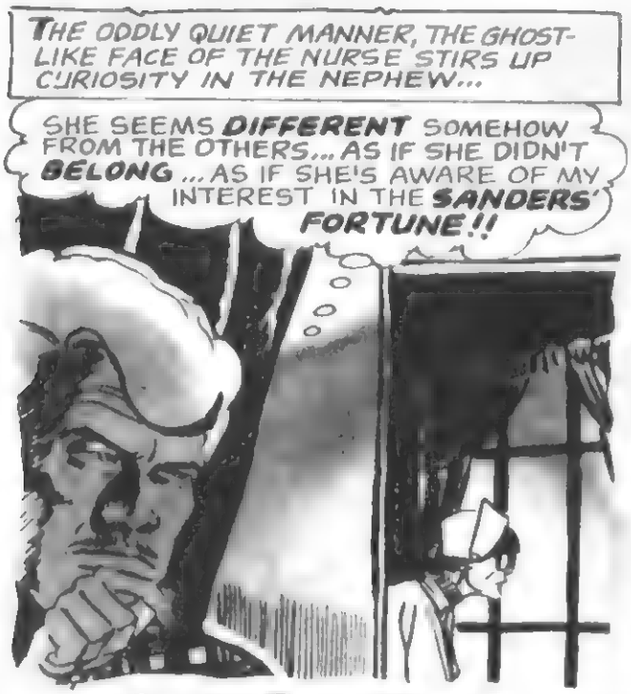
STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN IN THE NIGHT, AND HOW TERRIBLE WAS THE CONTRAST WHEN THE MURKY BLACKNESS OF NIGHT BECAME THE BACKGROUND FOR... THE

DEMON

THE'S NO ESCAPE... YOU MUST PAY THE PRICE I SET!

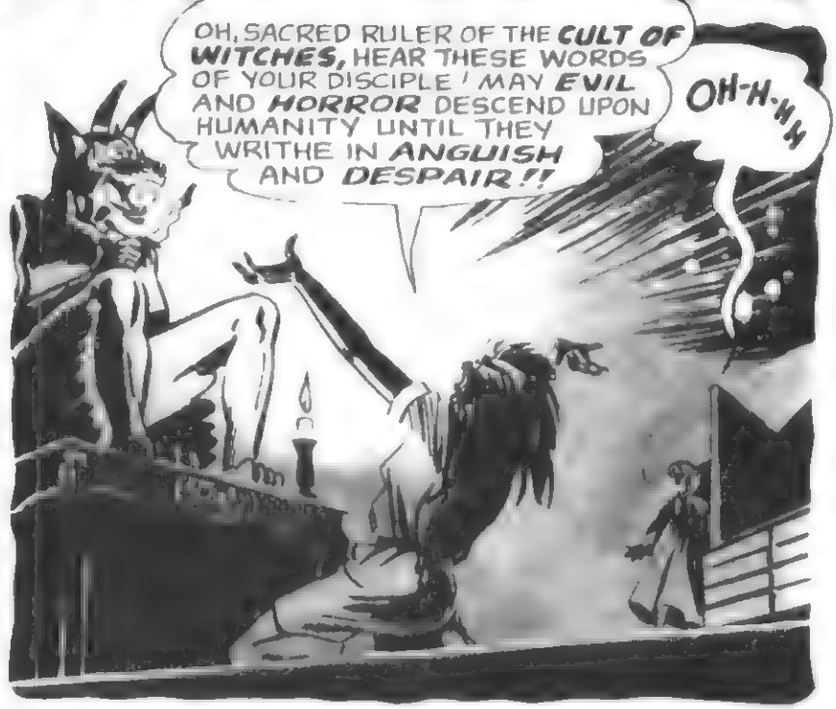
YE-ECH! WHAT A HORRIBLE CREATURE! HOW DID IT GET INTO THE HOUSE? THAT WOMAN... SHE LOOKS LIKE MISS JESSUP!

IN THE HOME OF WEALTHY ARTHER AND ABIGAIL SANDERS A NEWCOMER APPEARS WHOSE WHITE NURSES UNIFORM IS MATCHED BY THE UNUSUAL WHITENESS IN HER FACE.


THE ODDLY QUIET MANNER, THE GHOST-LIKE FACE OF THE NURSE STIRS UP CURIOSITY IN THE NEPHEW...
SHE SEEMS DIFFERENT SOMEHOW FROM THE OTHERS... AS IF SHE DIDN'T BELONG ... AS IF SHE'S AWARE OF MY INTEREST IN THE SANDERS' FORTUNE!!

AND AS THE DAYS PASS, PAUL IS NOT THE ONLY MEMBER OF THE HOUSEHOLD TO BE PLAGUED WITH CURIOSITY...
THERE SHE IS AGAIN! SHE ONLY MOVES ABOUT AT NIGHT... WITH THAT CANDLE! SHE TAKES GOOD CARE OF ARTHUR BUT SHE FRIGHTENS ME... I WONDER...

I'LL OPEN THE DOOR VERY QUIETLY--AND LOOK IN QUICKLY! I MUST FIND OUT!


OH, SACRED RULER OF THE CULT OF WITCHES, HEAR THESE WORDS OF YOUR DISCIPLE! MAY EVIL AND HORROR DESCEND UPON HUMANITY UNTIL THEY WRITHE IN ANGUISH AND DESPAIR!!
OH-H-H-H

WHAT MONSTER OF EVIL ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY HOUSE?
WELL!! YOU HAVE DISCOVERED MY SECRET! THERE IS NO LONGER ANY NEED TO PRETEND WITH YOU...I AM A WITCH DEDICATED TO THE DESTRUCTION OF MAN...

THE SHOCKING REVALATION BRINGS NO TERROR TO THE OLD WOMAN'S FACE... BUT ONLY A SUDDEN GRIMNESS AND DETERMINATION...
IF YOU ARE WHAT YOU SAY, THEN YOU CAN HELP ME TO DESTROY MY HUSBAND! I CAN'T TOLERATE HIS ENDLESS WHINING ANY LONGER!

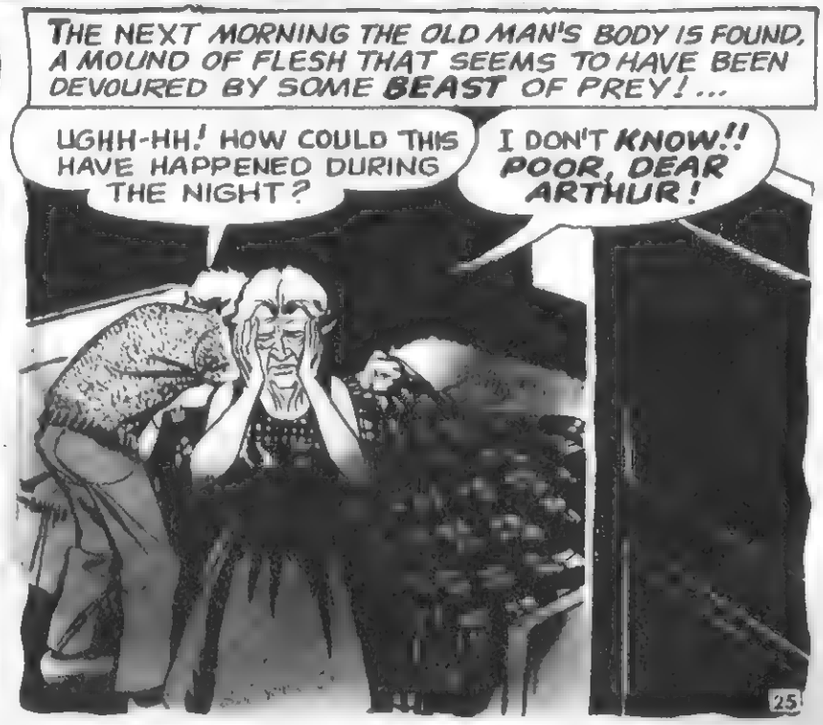
I SEE THAT HUMAN EVIL EXISTS EVERYWHERE... BUT I ACCEPT YOUR KIND OFFER! I HAVE TWO DEMANDS, HOWEVER! YOU MUST LET ME DESTROY YOUR HUSBAND IN MY OWN WAY... AND YOU MUST PAY THE PRICE FOR MY SERVICES WHEN I DEMAND IT!!
VERY WELL! I AGREE!

BUT BARGAINS IN EVIL ARE EASILY MADE... AND A SHORT WHILE LATER, ANOTHER UNHOLY CONTRACT IS FORMED WITH THE DEMONNURSE...
I CAN SEE IN YOUR EYES THAT YOU ARE LIKE ME... DETERMINED TO GET WHAT YOU CAN BY FAIR MEANS AND FOUL! MY AUNT AND UNCLE ARE VERY OLD AND VERY RICH! NEED I SAY MORE?
NO, PAUL... YOU NEEDN'T!

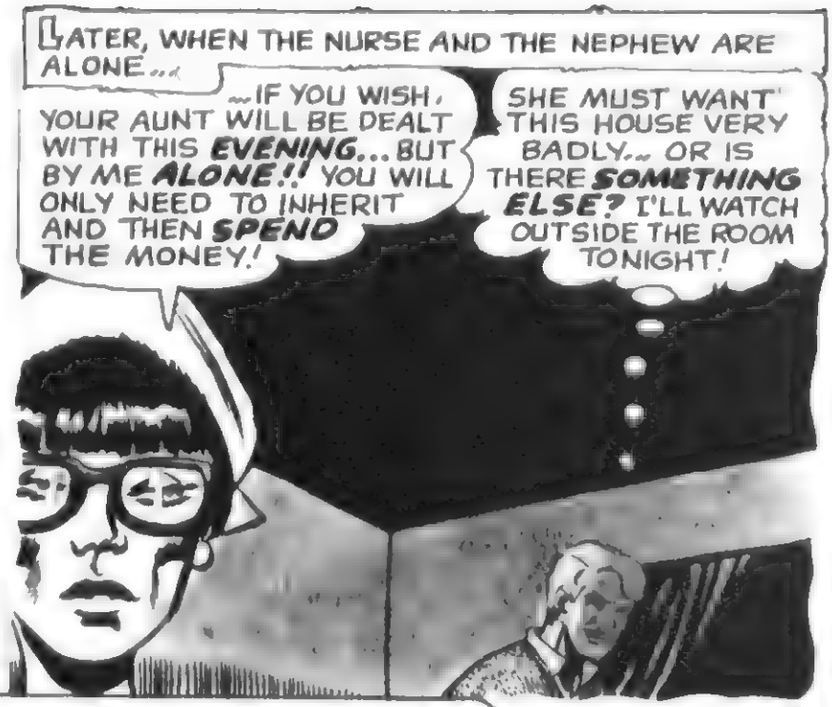
WHAT IS YOUR PRICE FOR HELPING MY AUNT AND UNCLE TO MEET A SUDDEN END?
THIS HOUSE... AND NOTHING MORE! THE MONEY IS FOR YOU TO KEEP!

LATE THAT NIGHT, A WEIRD FIGURE CONJURES A LOATHESOME FIGURE OUT OF THE DARKNESS...
MISS JESSUP! NO-O-O! IT CAN'T BE!
TREBOKA! SORFRUNTA! TABORAH!

YAAAAH!
DIE! DIE! DIE!!


THE NEXT MORNING THE OLD MAN'S BODY IS FOUND, A MOUND OF FLESH THAT SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN DEVOURED BY SOME BEAST OF PREY!...
UGHH-HH! HOW COULD THIS HAVE HAPPENED DURING THE NIGHT?
I DON'T KNOW!! POOR, DEAR ARTHUR!

HE'S DEAD! HOW HAPPY I AM TO BE RID OF HIM-- I WONDER WHAT HER PRICE WILL BE?
WELL, ONE OF THEM IS GONE! NOW I MUST SPEAK TO HER ABOUT MY AUNT...


LATER, WHEN THE NURSE AND THE NEPHEW ARE ALONE...
...IF YOU WISH, YOUR AUNT WILL BE DEALT WITH THIS EVENING... BUT BY ME ALONE!! YOU WILL ONLY NEED TO INHERIT AND THEN SPEND THE MONEY!
SHE MUST WANT THIS HOUSE VERY BADLY... OR IS THERE SOMETHING ELSE? I'LL WATCH OUTSIDE THE ROOM TONIGHT!

THAT EVENING, THE SAME WEIRD FIGURE STANDS BEFORE THE OLD LADY, BENT ON ANOTHER MISSION OF DEATH!
WH-- WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE AT THIS HOUR?
TONIGHT YOU'RE TO BE INITIATED INTO THE CULT OF WITCHES!

WHEN I HAVE SHED YOUR BLOOD WITH THIS SCALPEL, THERE WILL BE NO TURNING BACK! YOUR BLOOD WILL BE JOINED WITH THE WITCHES FOREVER! PREPARE YOURSELF!
SHE'S A... A--A...
N--N--O...!! NO-O-O!!

WITCH!!!
SO NOW I MUST DEAL WITH YOU AS WELL!!

I'LL KILL YOU, YOU FIEND! IF YOU ARE CAPABLE OF DYING!
GIVE ME THE SCALPEL!

AS PAUL WRESTS THE SCALPEL FROM THE NURSE'S HAND, HE TRIPS AND FALLS ACROSS THE BED...
UGH-H-H!!
AARGH-H-H-H!

I... I... KILLED HER!
ISN'T THAT WHAT YOU WANTED? BUT NOW YOU WILL NEVER ESCAPE! YOU WILL ROT HERE WITH YOUR AUNT AND UNCLE!

A FEW WORDS OF ANCIENT EVIL AND BLOOD-STAINED DEMONS OF THE NIGHT APPEARED...
TAKE HIM! HE IS YOURS!
YAAAHH-H-

LEAVE ME ALONE! NO!! DON'T!! D..

YAAGGH-H!

AND NOW THIS HOUSE IS MINE...MINE TO DESTROY...AS I CAUSE EVIL TO DESTROY THE HEARTS AND MINDS OF MEN!

IN ANOTHER HOME, A PALE, YOUNG NURSE APPEARS IN THE DOORWAY, AN ANGEL OF MERCY ANSWERING A CALL TO DUTY... BUT WHAT IS THE STRANGE DREAD THAT SUDDENLY STIFLES THE NIGHT AIR??...
HOW DO YOU DO? YOU MUST BE...
MISS JESSUP! AT YOUR SERVICE...!!
THE END

DECISION FROM BEYOND

THE WAITING was intolerable. Rolfe Woodward paced back and forth across the floor, counting strides, wiping sweat from his palms, anything to keep his mind from becoming numb with fright. It had been fifty years since he had stood with his father and looked up into the bright blue eyes of the Vegan. He had not been frightened then—just awed. Of course, he hadn't understood the full import of what was being said. Now he understood, and now he was to face the Vegan alone.

He knew consciously that there was nothing to fear. Everything the Vegan had ordered had been done. In the given fifty years, Man had rallied, joined, and swept war and its weapons from the map of the Earth. No one even threatened violence any more, but still there was that horrible doubt that seemed attached to his feet, pacing with him. He couldn't shake it. So much depended on him, the President had said. "On you, Woodward. You'll meet the Vegan for our sector, so your words and your activities are the ones that will count."

He knew it and wanted to shrink out of sight with the knowledge; at the same time, he wouldn't believe it. Earth was on trial, not him alone.

For four days now the Vegan ship had been watched in the sky and on radar, circling the planet, watching in turn. The Vegans already had discovered part of their answer then. What there would be left for him to do—and the other three men around the world like him—he couldn't guess.

He glanced at his watch. Eleven-fifty. There were only ten minutes left before the silver ship came down and the Vegan stepped out of its depths. He wondered if the envoy would know him. Rolfe had changed from a child of seven to a man of fifty-seven; his blond hair was gray, and there were tanned wrinkles on his face. Surely the Vegan would have changed, too. He would be over one hundred years old. But a life-span of three hundred years made him seem eternal, and how could an eternal man grow old?

Bill Crawford opened the door and came into the room. "About ready, Mr. Woodward?"

Rolfe nodded and followed him out without a word. They passed through the long hall and walked into the sun. The field was smooth and empty, waiting for the only ship that would ever touch it, as it had waited since it was built two years ago.

Rolfe looked at Bill, trying to find something reassuring in his face. It was there. Bill had no doubts; he had methodically followed the plan set down fifty years ago and had laid out the tour of inspection in perfect detail. Nothing the Vegan wanted to inspect would be missed.

"I wish I felt your confidence," Rolfe whispered.

Bill smiled. "You would under normal conditions, sir. You're nervous about talking to him. Don't be. He's said to have the understanding of a Zeus."

Rolfe swallowed the words he wanted to say. If the Vegan had the understanding of a Zues, he also had the perception to match it. There was no possible sense in alarming Bill with his doubts. Bill was probably right, anyway. Rolfe had to remember that things would look different to him now. He was no longer a child. The eight-foot height of the Vegan had made him a tower to the child, but not to the man. The white hair and blue eyes would lose some of their awesomeness seen through a man's eyes.

The field was quiet. People had been urged to stay away—to show the control they had lacked fifty years before in the rioting, and they had done as asked. Rolfe marveled at the change. They had come a long way. Still, their ghosts were there—watching him act for them—and even causing him to relive the screaming and shouting of that other day when he was seven and was almost trampled to death in the mob flurry.

A SHOUT from the left told him it was time. High up in the blue sky, the silver ship was lowering, a sliver of light. He peered at it, enthralled, yearning. That was another change.

Fifty years ago, people had just begun to understand satellites, and space flight was something to leave to the dreamers and the scientists. If it was to come, it would; most people didn't really care. But now that there was a possibility it would be denied them, they had built it into a desire so strong they would die for it. The Vegan had never spoken of destruction if his demands weren't met; only a restriction. But Rolfe didn't think people would have tried any harder if they had been faced with destruction.

As the ship grew steadily larger, Rolfe searched again for some beginning words. How should he approach the Vegan? How would he tell him the people of Earth had decided that all they wanted of the future was space flight, and to join the great intergalactic organization—to take their place and never be alone again? That they had followed his orders and had rid themselves of war and killing, of fighting and brutality?

But of course, he didn't have to tell him. He would be shown.

The ship was down. It pointed its long nose to the sun and a panel in the bottom slid back. It was a rectangle of blackness, broken by the tall form of a man. There was a flash of white hair and bright blue boots, and the Vegan stepped on the field.

Rolfe stood alone. Bill had vanished into the building behind him. Rolfe faced the Vegan with a tremor and quake as he realized the alien *was* actually all he had thought as a child. A tower, topped with scorching blue eyes and white hair, a giant who could give an order and make a world obey. He was walking across the field and Rolfe stirred to meet him. Strange that he had never had a name.

They stood looking at each other for moments, and then Vegan spoke. "Rolfe Woodward?" It was a question, asking if this was the boy who had stared up at him with round eyes fifty years ago.

"Yes," Rolfe said. "Welcome back." He groped for more words. "You are the same."

"And you are very much like your father." The Vegan cast his eyes slowly about the field, and Rolfe knew he was seeing and hearing the riot-ghosts too.

He hurried to change the subject, "Everything is ready, just as you asked. We've done our best."

"And do you think you have succeeded?" the Vegan's voice was deep and steady.

Rolfe tried to duplicate the tone. "I do."

"Then we may proceed." The Vegan turned to a less restrained manner. "We've already flown an aerial survey of what used to be your military installations."

"There are none left," Rolfe said bluntly.

"So I saw. I am entirely satisfied."

Rolfe mentally crossed the tour of old army posts off the list. He supposed the factory inspections could be cancelled, too. But what else was there? He asked the Vegan.

"Only quiet talking," the Vegan answered. "I would like to see your home, enjoy your normal hospitality, and talk with you. I want to see how the change has effected you."

Rolfe felt set back on his heels. Out of every possibility in the world, this was the last one he was prepared for. Expecting to lead the Vegan on official tours of the old areas, he had come armed with words of persuasion. He had men waiting with charts and pictures; now he was put in the role of Host. The Vegan watched him calmly, and Rolfe shrugged, "Of course, if that's what you want . . .

"Could we go to your home, then?" the Vegan asked.

"I don't exactly understand, but you're more than welcome. If you'll just come this way . . ." He led the way back across the field, and after some hurried explanations, got the Vegan into his chauffeured car.

THEY DROVE down quiet streets shaded by ageless trees. The Vegan peered through the windows, relaxed and outwardly pleased with what he saw. But Rolfe was uneasy; this would be a nasty surprise to spring on Julia.

Julia took it all in stride. Nothing could shake her. Seeing the departure from the field on television, and learning the destination, she had trotted out the silver tea service and some little cakes. She even managed to smile when the Vegan refused them and made his way into

the garden. He had been friendly enough, but preoccupied; before Rolfe could follow him, Julia whispered anxiously,

"Carol was here, dear, and she left the children. They're out there now. I shooed them out when I saw you drive up. I didn't expect him to go out, too."

Rolfe hurried through the door. He didn't want the Vegan running into a group of screaming, skipping grandchildren, plus the neighborhood kids they always gathered.

But he was too late, and the picture that met him was incongruous. The Vegan—all eight feet of him—was squatting down, surrounded by seven children, talking to the youngest of Carol's brood of three. Rolfe stopped where he was. If this was what the Vegan wanted, all right. But he couldn't understand it, and the sight brought back his shaky feelings of doubt.

Rather than being frightened by the strange, giant man, the children were intrigued, hardly able to wait their turn to talk to him, treating him like a Santa Claus. At the moment, he was examining little Carol's doll, carefully noting all the things it could do—talk, weep, and dance. Eight-year-old Ritchie caught his attention and proudly stepped forward clutching his favorite toy, a tin ray gun that spit and sputtered when the trigger was pressed.

The children came to him one by one, shy in his presence. It was a procession of dolls, puppets, ray guns and age-old cowboy boots, six-shooters, tops, and roller skates. The most comic sight was a tiny girl wearing a ray-gun belt, a cowboy hat, and a huge star pinned on her chest, proclaiming herself to be Sheriff Benton and Sandy the Spaceman all at the same time.

Finally the Vegan rose and sent the children back to their games. As he turned away from them, his smile changed to a scowl, and when he reached Rolfe, he sighed. But he said, "They are charming. Bright and fresh. By the way, who is Sheriff Benton—and Sandy the Spaceman?"

Rolfe explained that they were characters on two of the children's television programs and tried to hurry him back to the house and the able handling of Julia. But the Vegan stopped just short of the door.

"I must go now. The others will be waiting for me."

This wasn't the only Vegan on Earth at this moment. In each of the four sectors of the world, others were doing the same as this one. They would pool their reports by radio and their decision would be announced.

IT HAD ALL been too simple to suit Rolfe and he felt cheated. One half hour spent in a garden with a group of children was not the key to a world; but all he could do was drive the man back to the field and wait for his answer. If the Vegan had been brief to the point of rudeness, he couldn't argue. He was just a tool, after all.

He tried not to pace the cement outside the ship as he waited for the reappearance of the giant man. What was needed

at that moment was a look of complete assurance, and there was no reason why he shouldn't be assured. The Vegan had been pleased with everything he saw.

He swiveled at a sound from the ship and met the Vegan halfway. The tall man's face was not friendly.

"The reports are in and the decision has been made," he intoned, letting disappointment show plainly on his face. "There really was nothing to decide. We had no choice."

Rolfe stared at him, holding his jaw tight, trying to prepare himself for what he knew was coming.

"The people of Earth," the Vegan said, "will not be allowed into space. We cannot risk it. You will tell your fellows."

Rolfe swallowed, ready to accept it calmly. But years of hoping and preparing caught at him and he bridled. "Wait just a minute. You have to give a reason. We did everything you told us to do. We destroyed all of our weapons. We set up a world government and settled our differences. We have a true peace—what more do you want?"

"You have done well in those respects," came the answer. "But we must wonder what your intentions are."

"What do you mean?"

"You see, you adults are not the important ones. We realize that you can remember war, and what it was. It is the children who count—who will make your future."

"But you liked our children," Rolfe protested.

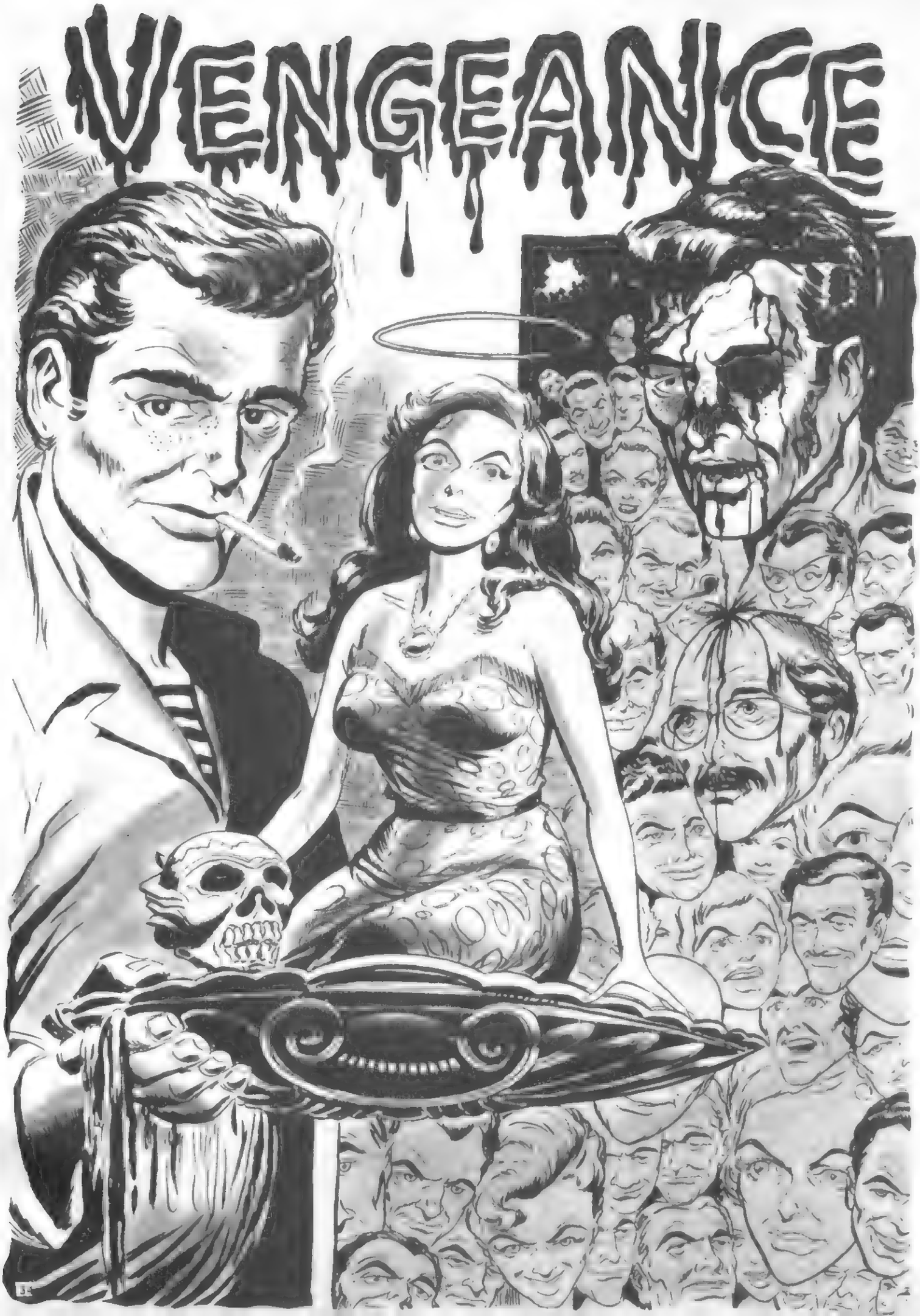
"Of course I did, but that is not the point. Our position can be summed up in one question, Mr. Woodward. If your world is really planning to remain peaceful, why are you teaching your children to use guns and knives and to play at killing?"

"But those are just children's toys. Kids are kids. It's natural for them. They've always done it." The protest was weak, but it was all Rolfe had left.

"You give a child a book to stimulate him to read. You give a child a paint set to stimulate him to create. Why do you give a child a gun?" The Vegan shook his head. "We have no alternative. We cannot trust the children you are raising. You had the opportunity to start fresh with a new generation—to let them grow without a though of violence in their minds—without even knowing what war was. Instead, you carefully replanted the seeds." He reached out his hand. "Thank you for your cooperation. I must go now. Please tell your people we are sorry."

Rolfe shook the hand doggedly, watched the Vegan disappear in side his ship, and then walked away. He wasn't angry; he couldn't be, because the worst part of the whole thing was, he knew the Vegan was right.

He delivered the required message to the powers at headquarters, then headed for home and the set of lead soldiers he had bought for Ritchie's birthday. He wondered if they would make too much of a mess melting in the fireplace.


VENGEANCE

MELISSA...MY MELISSA...WAS THE SPARK OF LIFE AND BEAUTY AT OUR GOING AWAY COCKTAIL PARTY...
HAVE A FINE TRIP! WE'LL MISS YOU AND RON!
THANK YOU! YOU'RE ALL SO SWEET!

THEY'RE SUCH A HANDSOME COUPLE!
HOW THEY MUST LOVE EACH OTHER!

WE HAD PLANNED A VACATION! MELISSA WANTED TO SEE THE COUNTRY BY TRAILER... SO TRAILER IT WAS!
RON, HAVE WE GOT EVERYTHING?
YES...THIS IS THE LAST OF THE LUGGAGE!

OH, RON... WE'LL HAVE SUCH A GOOD TIME!
I'M SURE OF IT!

THAT NIGHT WE HAD SUPPER... BY CANDLELIGHT!
RON, DARLING... YOU MUST STOP FLATTERING ME... IN FRONT OF STRANGERS!
I WANT THE WHOLE WORLD TO KNOW ABOUT MY MELISSA!

I'LL NEVER STOP TALKING ABOUT YOU!

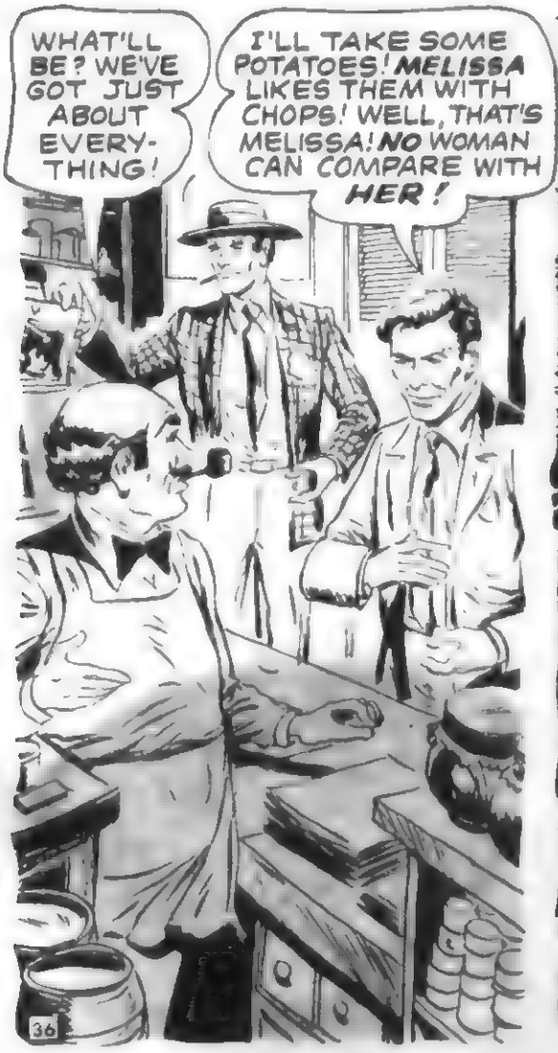
THE NEXT FEW DAYS WERE THE HAPPIEST OF MY LIFE! HOW MELISSA WAS ENJOYING THE SIGHTS...

THEN... ONE DAY... WE CAME TO A SMALL TOWN...
GENERAL
RON, WHAT A QUAINT TOWN! LOOK... IT EVEN HAS A GENERAL STORE...
...AND A TOWN DANDY!

LATER...
DARLING, WE'RE ALL OUT OF POTATOES... WHY DON'T YOU GO AND GET SOME!
OF COURSE!

HURRY BACK, RON! DON'T STOP TO TALK! I'LL MISS YOU... BEING ALONE LIKE THIS!
I'LL MAKE IT AS FAST AS I CAN!

IT WASN'T HARD TO FIND THE GENERAL STORE...
EVENIN', FOLKS! I'D LIKE TO BUY SOME SUPPLIES!
STEP INSIDE, YOUNG FELLER...

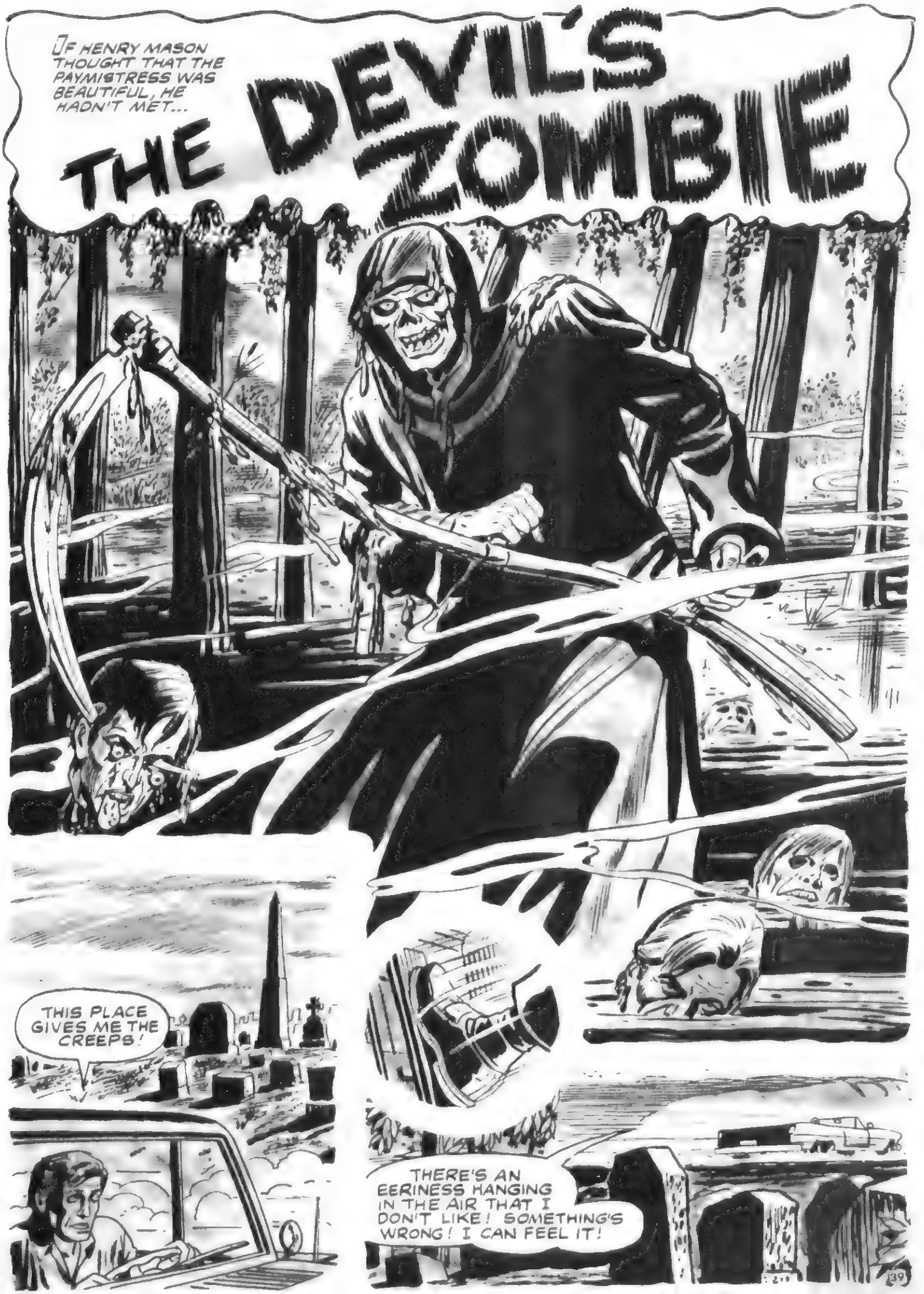

WHAT'LL BE? WE'VE GOT JUST ABOUT EVERY-THING!
I'LL TAKE SOME POTATOES! MELISSA LIKES THEM WITH CHOPS! WELL, THAT'S MELISSA! NO WOMAN CAN COMPARE WITH HER!

ONCE I GOT STARTED ON MELISSA... I COULDN'T STOP...
...THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN ALIVE! IF YOU COULD ONLY SEE HER! SHE'S BACK AT CAMP! MELISSA IS...

FINALLY...I DID STOP! I HAD TO GET BACK TO MELISSA! I DIDN'T PAY MUCH ATTENTION TO THE FACT THAT THE DANDY WAS NOT AROUND!
WELL, IT'S BEEN NICE TALKING TO YOU! SEE YOU AROUND!
PLEASURE TO DO BUSINESS!

I RUSHED BACK TO CAMP! THE TRAILER DOOR WAS OPENED...
MELISSA... I'M BACK! MELISSA... MELISSA...
BUT SHE DIDN'T ANSWER! I BOLTED INTO THE TRAILER... AND FOUND IT EMPTY! THE TWO CHOPS ON THE STOVE WERE BLACK... BURNT TO A CRISP...
...WHERE ARE YOU... MELISSAAA...
I RAN OUT! SHE HAD TO BE SOMEWHERE AROUND... SUDDENLY...
MELISSA! WHAT HAPPENED?
I...I DON'T KNOW! A MAN CAME... OH, IT WAS TERRIBLE! HE ASKED ME FOR MONEY! I SCREAMED... HE HIT ME... HE MADE LOVE TO ME!
I COULDN'T STAND IT! RON... I WANT YOU TO FIND THAT MAN! FIND HIM... AND DO SOMETHING TO HIM! FIND HIM! FIND HIM!
I WILL, MELISSA! HE PROBABLY COMES FROM THE TOWN! POINT HIM OUT TO ME... JUST POINT HIM OUT, AND WE'LL HAVE REVENGE!
REVENGE... REVENGE! THE WORD WAS ALL I COULD THINK OF! SOMEONE HAD MOLESTED MY MELISSA... AND WE HAD TO HAVE REVENGE! SLOWLY WE ROVE THROUGH THE TOWN, SCANNING FOR THAT SOMEONE...
POINT... HIM OUT!
I...I WILL! I WILL...
YOU ARE NOW ENTERING SCARSDALE! HI!

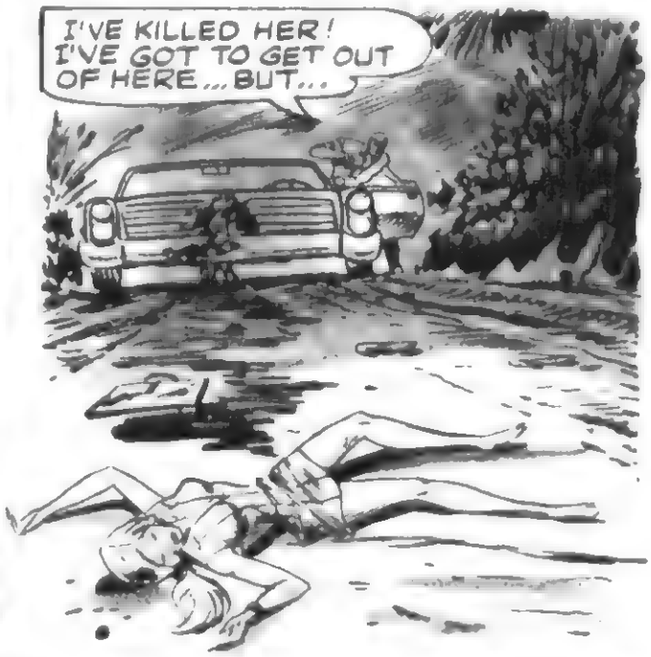
SUDDENLY, SHE SHOUTED...
THERE HE IS!
IT WAS THE TOWN DANDY! THAT SPIFFY CIGAR-STORE INDIAN! WITHIN THE IMPACT OF A SECOND, I KNEW WHAT I HAD TO DO!
IT WAS OVER IN A SECOND!
IT'S OVER, MELISSA! I KILLED HIM! WE'VE GOT OUR REVENGE!
MELISSA, DIDN'T YOU HEAR ME? MELISSA! WHAT'S WRONG?
THEN... I REALIZED THAT MELISSA WILL ALWAYS SEARCH FOR THE MAN WHO BEAT HER... AND FIND HIM! MELISSA... MY ADORABLE WIFE... WAS CRAZY!
THERE... HE IS...
THE END


IF HENRY MASON THOUGHT THAT THE PAYMISTRESS WAS BEAUTIFUL, HE HADN'T MET...
THE DEVIL'S ZOMBIE
THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS!
THERE'S AN EERINESS HANGING IN THE AIR THAT I DON'T LIKE! SOMETHING'S WRONG! I CAN FEEL IT!

GOT TO GET UP ENOUGH SPEED AND GET OUT OF THIS SWAMP! IT'S ENOUGH TO DRIVE A MAN CRAZY!

HEAVENS! THERE'S A GIRL... SHE'S IN MY WAY... ...I CAN'T STOP!

HORRORS! I'VE HIT HER! GOT TO STOP...
SCREE-EE-EECH!


I'VE KILLED HER! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE... BUT...

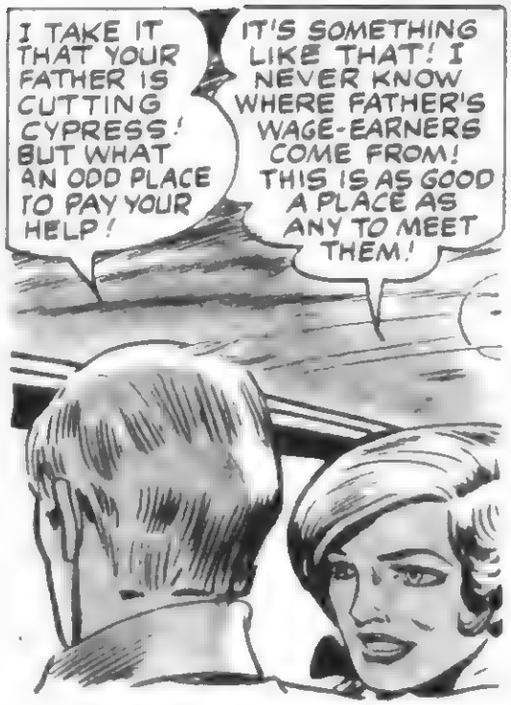
I'VE GOT TO WIPE THIS -- WHAT IS IT? IT'S STICKY LIKE BLOOD, BUT IT'S GREEN...
HELLO...

YOU GAVE ME QUITE A BUMP!
WHAT?

THEN I DIDN'T KILL YOU? IN FACT I DIDN'T EVEN SPOIL YOUR DRESS!
OH, YOU RUINED MY CLOTHES, BUT I HAD OTHERS IN MY SUITCASE! I CHANGED BEFORE COMING HERE INTO THE LIGHT!

WHEW! WELL AT LEAST LET ME DRIVE YOU HOME!
WOULD YOU MIND?

WHY WAS A LOVELY CREATURE LIKE YOU DOING ON THAT ROAD?
I HAVE TO MEET SOMEONE, TO GIVE HIM HIS WAGES-- FOR FATHER! TURN HERE! I LIVE HERE IN THE EVERGLADES!


I TAKE IT THAT YOUR FATHER IS CUTTING CYPRESS! BUT WHAT AN ODD PLACE TO PAY YOUR HELP!
IT'S SOMETHING LIKE THAT! I NEVER KNOW WHERE FATHER'S WAGE-EARNERS COME FROM! THIS IS AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY TO MEET THEM!

I DON'T THINK YOU CAN GO FARTHER! THANKS! WISH YOU COULD STOP A WHILE, BUT I SUPPOSE YOU HAVE BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN!
YES... AN APPOINTMENT, BUT...

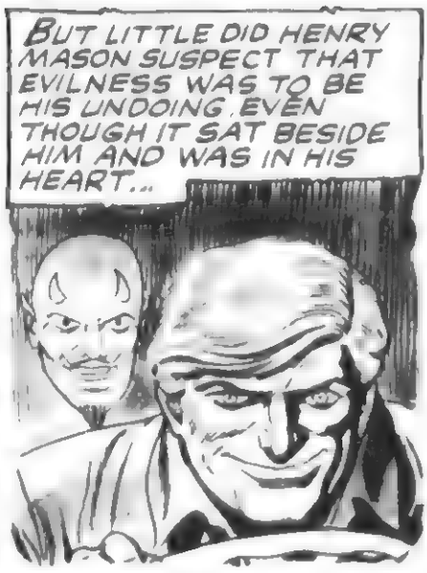
I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN, WON'T I? I'M HENRY MASON!
OH, OF COURSE, HENRY... WHEN YOU'RE THROUGH WITH YOUR--APPOINTMENT-- I'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU RIGHT HERE!

BUT, HOW WILL YOU KNOW... UH SHE'S GONE!

A STRANGE GIRL... BUT WHAT A BABE! YES, I'LL SEE HER AGAIN, ALL RIGHT. SHE AND I WILL BE KISSING THIS... GHASTLY SWAMP GOOD-BYE... SOONER THAN SHE KNOWS!

TURNING THE CAR BACK TO THE HIGHWAY, HENRY AGAIN HEADED TOWARD HIS DESTINATION...

AN EVILNESS WAS HIS COMPANION AS HE DROVE TOWARD AN UNSUSPECTING BUT WORRIED FIANCEE!


BUT LITTLE DID HENRY MASON SUSPECT THAT EVILNESS WAS TO BE HIS UNDOING, EVEN THOUGH IT SAT BESIDE HIM AND WAS IN HIS HEART...

HERE AT LAST... NOW FOR THE DIRTY WORK!

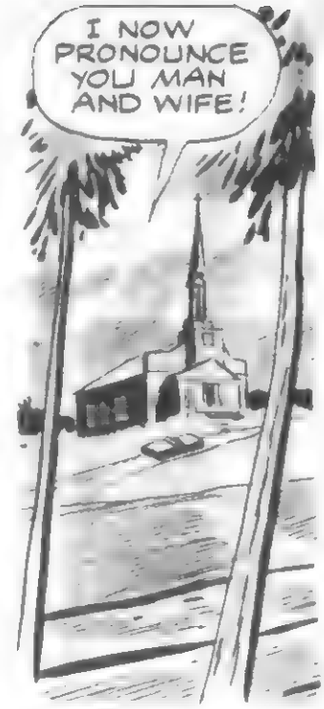
BUT EVEN AS HENRY MASON RANG THE DOORBELL TO CALL ON HIS TRUSTING DATE HE SENSED A SINISTER FEELING THAT OVERPOWERED HIM...
...CASTING HIS FEARS TO ONE SIDE... HE ENTERED THE HOUSE...

OH, HENRY, I WAS SO WORRIED WHEN YOU DIDN'T COME!
I WAS DELAYED, DARLING! IS EVERYTHING READY?

I'VE DRAWN ALL MY MONEY FROM THE BANK, DEAREST. HERE IT IS!
GOOD! AND THE CARDS?

YES, I HAVE THEM ALL HERE! LISTEN TO THIS: 'DEAR COUSIN BLANCHE... HENRY AND I ARE SO HAPPY! WE ARE SPENDING A FEW DAYS AT NIAGRA FALLS..

IT WAS A STROKE OF GENIUS YOUR SUGGESTING WE WRITE ALL OF OUR CARDS BEFORE LEAVING, DEAR! NOW WE CAN SPEND EVERY MINUTE TOGETHER!
THEN LET'S GO, SWEETHEART! IF YOU WANT YOUR OLD FAMILY PASTOR TO PERFORM THE CEREMONY, WE'LL HAVE TO DRIVE ALL NIGHT TO REACH HIS PRESENT PARISH!


I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU MAN AND WIFE!

IT'S ODD, HENRY, THAT HAVING LIVED AROUND HERE ALL YOUR LIFE, YOU SHOULD INSIST ON DRIVING TO THESE SWAMPS TODAY!
I REALLY NEVER HAD TIME TO VISIT THEM, MY LOVE, AND THOUGHT I SHOULD BEFORE DRIVING NORTH! LET'S GET OUT OF THE CAR!

HERE, DEEP IN THE SWAMPLAND, YOU CAN FEEL THE POWER OF NATURE!
IT'S ACTUALLY SPOOKY! I'D BE FRIGHTENED TO DEATH IF I WEREN'T WITH YOU!

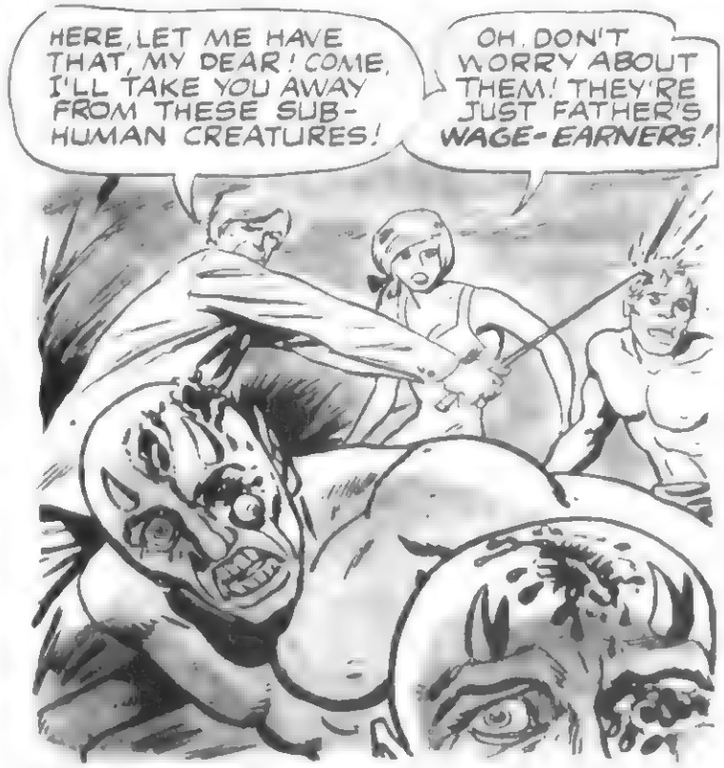
HENRY, YOU'RE PRESSING MY THROAT! HENRY, YOU'RE CHOKING... WHAT ARE YOU DOING? HENRY!
YOU GET THE IDEA!

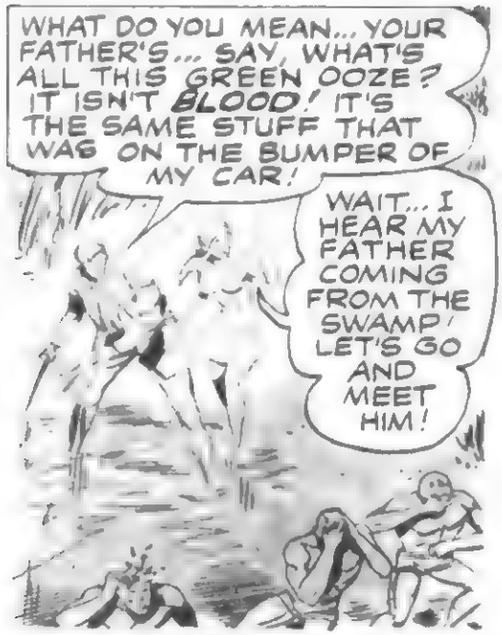
TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN CASH... A STACK OF POST CARDS TO THROW RELATIVES OFF THE TRACK! I GUESS IT'S TIME TO SEE MY LITTLE BEAUTY OF THE SWAMPS!

I KNEW YOU'D COME, HENRY... I WANT YOU TO MEET THE REST!
I GOT HERE AS FAST AS I COULD!

HELLO, EVERYONE! THIS IS HENRY!
HENRY!
HENRY!
LET US FEEL HIM!

YES! FEEL HIM! THIS IS HENRY!
AWK!
KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF HIM!


HERE, LET ME HAVE THAT, MY DEAR! COME, I'LL TAKE YOU AWAY FROM THESE SUB-HUMAN CREATURES!
OH, DON'T WORRY ABOUT THEM! THEY'RE JUST FATHER'S WAGE-EARNERS!


WHAT DO YOU MEAN... YOUR FATHER'S... SAY, WHAT'S ALL THIS GREEN OOZE? IT ISN'T BLOOD! IT'S THE SAME STUFF THAT WAS ON THE BUMPER OF MY CAR!
WAIT... I HEAR MY FATHER COMING FROM THE SWAMP! LET'S GO AND MEET HIM!

FATHER! I HAVE ANOTHER WAGE EARNER... HENRY MASON!

HEY, WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT? I DON'T WORK FOR YOUR FATHER!
WHO SAID YOU DID?

THEN WHAT WAGES ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
WHY, THE WAGES OF SIN... DEATH!

ARGH-H-H-H!

HERE IS HENRY, FATHER! HE'LL FIND OTHER WAGE-EARNERS FOR YOU... FOR HE REALLY RECOGNIZES SIN!!

A GOOD SPECIMEN! A GOOD SPECIMEN INDEED!
I'M CERTAINLY GLAD TO GET OUT OF THIS OUTFIT AND FEEL NATURAL FOR A CHANGE!

THE END

LUCY ROWAN WAS BEAUTIFUL — AND AS HARD AS COFFIN NAILS! SHE WAS TOPS IN A GHOULISH BUSINESS, BUT HER MEMORY WAS SHORT, AND MERCY WAS A WORD SHE HAD NEVER LEARNED! THEN ONE NIGHT AS SHE WORKED LATE, THE SHADOWS BEGAN TO GATHER AND CREEP AND SHE KNEW TERROR SUCH AS SHE HAD NEVER DREAMED POSSIBLE! IT WAS ALL PART OF A DEADLY GAME OF REVENGE CALLED

YOUR TURN TO SCREAM...

MASK of the MONSTER

HORACE BOGGS, 45, KNOWS THAT HE IS SLIPPING AS A WRITER OF COMIC SCRIPTS...

I — I JUST CAN'T SEEM TO CONCENTRATE ANY LONGER! AND I'M NOT VERY GOOD AT THE HORROR STORIES THEY WANT THESE DAYS! IF ONLY LUCY WOULD LET ME DO SOMETHING ELSE!

BUT LUCY ROWAN, EDITOR OF ACME COMIX, KNOWS WHAT SHE WANTS — AND IT ISN'T HORACE...

COME INTO MY OFFICE FOR A MOMENT, HORACE! AT ONCE, PLEASE! IT'S TIME YOU AND I HAD A LITTLE TALK!

OKAY, LUCY, JUST AS SOON AS I FINISH THIS SCRIPT!

A MOMENT LATER HORACE'S WORST FEARS ARE REALIZED...

I'VE DECIDED TO FIRE YOU, HORACE! SORRY--BUT YOU JUST HAVEN'T GOT WHAT IT TAKES ANY LONGER! I SHOULD HAVE DONE IT A LONG TIME AGO!

NO, LUCY, PLEASE! YOU KNOW HOW I NEED THE MONEY, WHAT WITH MY WIFE SO SICK IN THE HOSPITAL! PLEASE LET ME STAY ON--I'LL EVEN TAKE ANOTHER CUT IN SALARY!

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN, LUCY, THAT I USED TO BE EDITOR HERE? I GAVE YOU YOUR FIRST JOB, REMEMBER? I TAUGHT YOU ALL YOU KNOW ABOUT COMICS--TAUGHT YOU SO MUCH THAT YOU COULD TAKE MY JOB!

IF YOU HADN'T ALWAYS BEEN A FOOL, HORACE, I WOULD NEVER HAVE GOTTEN YOUR JOB! BUT I CAN'T HELP YOU--YOU'RE THROUGH!

YOU WERE ALL RIGHT FOR SOME THINGS, HORACE, BUT YOU'RE TOO MUCH OF A MILKSOP TO WRITE HORROR COMICS! YOUR MONSTERS ARE PATHETIC THINGS, AND YOUR STORIES DON'T HAVE ANY ZING TO THEM! HUNDREDS OF OUR READERS ARE COMPLAINING! YOUR STUFF JUST DOESN'T **SCARE** PEOPLE, HORACE! SO DRAW YOUR PAY--AND GOODBYE!

THAT NIGHT, IN SPITE OF FOG AND RAIN, HORACE GOES TO SEE HIS SICK WIFE...

I CAN'T TELL JANE THAT I'VE BEEN FIRED! SHE WORRIES ALL THE TIME AS IT IS--AND SHE'S SO TERRIBLY ILL! MAYBE I CAN GET ANOTHER JOB

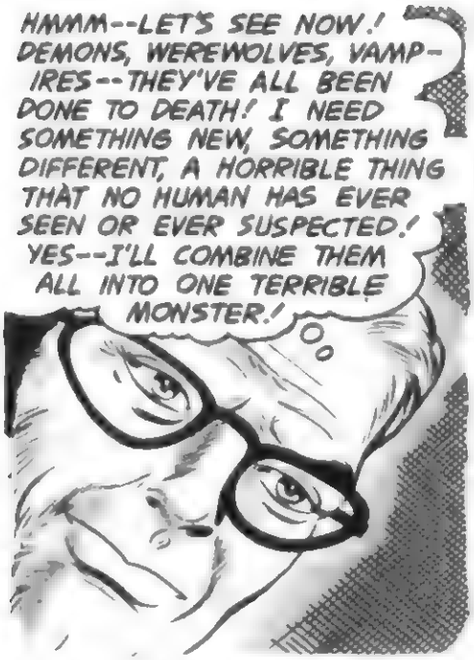
BUT NOW HE WILL NEVER HAVE TO TELL HIS WIFE THE BAD NEWS...

HUH! WHAT--**NO!** YOU DON'T MEAN--IT CAN'T BE!

I'M SORRY, MR. BOGGS! SHE DIED JUST A LITTLE WHILE AGO! WE COULDN'T LOCATE YOU, SIR!

JANE! JANE--DARLING! IT WAS ALL MY FAULT THAT YOU DIED! I DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH MONEY, COULDN'T GET THE PROPER CARE AND MEDICINE FOR YOU! I'LL NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF--NEVER--NEVER!

BUT WHEN JANE IS BURIED BENEATH THE COLD SOD SOMETHING HAPPENS TO HORACE BOGGS' MIND! ONE NIGHT, NOT LONG AFTER THE FUNERAL...



A FEW NIGHTS LATER, AFTER BOGGS HAS COMPLETED DETAILS OF HIS FIENDISH PLAN...
HAH--JUST AS I THOUGHT! LUCY IS WORKING LATE TONIGHT AGAIN! NOW, IF SHE STICKS TO HER SCHEDULE, SHE'LL GO OUT FOR COFFEE SOON AND THAT WILL BE MY CHANCE!

AND SURE ENOUGH...
GOOD! SHE USUALLY STAYS OUT ABOUT FIFTEEN MINUTES, AND THAT WILL GIVE ME ENOUGH TIME! IT'S LUCKY I KEPT MY KEY TO THE OFFICE!

I'LL JUST PUT MY SCRIPT ON HER DESK, WHERE SHE CAN'T MISS IT! THEN I'LL--CHUCKLE--GET INTO MY COSTUME AND HIDE! HEH-HEH--SO I CAN'T WRITE HORROR STUFF, CAN'T I!

BOGGS PLACES HIS SCRIPT ON LUCY ROWAN'S DESK AND FROM HIS BAG TAKES A FANTASTIC COSTUME...
HEH-HEH! NOW I'LL JUST SLIP INTO THIS--AND IN A MOMENT MY MONSTER WILL COME TO LIFE! I CAN--CHUCKLE--HARDLY WAIT TO HEAR HER START SCREAMING!
IN

THERE--NOW I'M THE MONSTER OF THE SCRIPT! SURE GLAD I DON'T HAVE TO LOOK AT MYSELF! FIRST, I'LL GIVE HER TIME TO READ THE STORY, THEN I'LL LEAP INTO THE ROOM AT HER WITH A HORRIBLE YOWL!

THE MINUTES DRAG PAST AND THEN LUCY RETURNS...
HERE SHE IS, AT LAST! JUST AS PROUD AND HAUGHTY AS EVER--WELL, SHE WON'T BE LOOKING THAT WAY IN A FEW MINUTES, NOW! I DO HOPE--CHUCKLE--THAT OUR LUCY DOESN'T HAVE A WEAK HEART!

CONTINUED ON BACK COVER

MONSTER

7 FEET TALL / IN AUTHENTIC COLORS.

GLOW in the DARK EYES

ONLY **$1.00**

Imagine your friends shock when they see the **"MONSTER"** reaching out —sinister as the wildest nightmare. Bigger than life—Frankenstein—the man-made monster that terrorized the world. 7 feet tall, with eyes that glow eerily in the dark for a special thrilling chill. So lifelike in authentic colors, that you'll probably find yourself talking to him. Won't you be surprised if he answers!

There is also his perfect companion—**BONEY the SKELETON**—stark and scary—just a wonderful pair to set your hair on end.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Just send $1.00 plus 35c to cover postage and handling for each monster you want. ORDER TWO AND SAVE. (The same 35c for postage and handling applies to orders for TWO MONSTERS—a total of 2 for $2.35.) Your money back if not satisfactorily horrified.

HONOR HOUSE
DEPT. 472MR92
LYNBROOK, N. Y. 11563

RAQUEL WELCH PILLOW

ONLY **$1.98**

What man wouldn't enjoy spending a night with Raquel Welch? Well, we can't deliver her, but we can deliver that next best thing —a 12" x 24" inflatable pillow of Raquel made of rugged vinyl to serve as your headrest. Keep her for yourself or show her to your friends. Livens up party when everyone sees and feels this great gag item. Just send $1.98 plus 35c shipping charges to:

HONOR HOUSE
DEPT. 472RW92 LYNBROOK, N.Y. 11563
NY State residents add state and local sales tax.

WALTHER PPK 22 CAL. PELLET FIRING

only **$1.25**

"STINGER AUTOMATIC"
50-22 Cal. Pellets Free.

Looks and Feels Like Full Size "James Bond" style German Automatic **5½ inches long — 4½ inches high.** Fires 22 cal. pellets just as fast as you can pull the trigger with realistic moving slide action. Great for fast action combat—type target practice. 50 reusable 22 cal. pellets free. Free supply of targets. Money back if not satisfied. Just send $1.25 plus 25c Not sold in NY City.

HONOR HOUSE
Dept. 472PK92 Lynbrook, N.Y. 11563

IMPORTED

LOCK BLADE STILETTO

- 9" Overall Length 5" When Closed
- Opens instantly
- Sharp and Tough
- Stainless Steel Blade

ONLY **$2.75**

Flips open instantly and locks automatically to prevent accidental closing. Razor sharp tough stainless steel blade for reliable use and hard, long service. Money back in 5 days if not satisfied. Send $2.75 plus 25¢ to cover postage and handling.

ALLEY SPORTS MO Div.
Dept. 472ST92
35 Wilbur Street, Lynbrook, N. Y. 11563

"POWER AUTOMATIC" Pellet Firing Target Pistol

and SILENCER

FREE 50 Reusable 22 Cal. Pellets only $1.25

Rapid firing 22 cal. fully 9 inches long with the look and feel of an "undercover" automatic. Snap the "silencer" on or remove it for fast combat-type target practice. FREE 50 reusable 22 cal. pellets and supply of targets. Money back guarantee if not satisfied. Just send $1.25 plus 35c for postage and handling.

HONOR HOUSE PROD. Dept. 472PA92
Lynbrook, N.Y. 11563
Not sold in NYC

X-RAY SPECS

An Hilarious Optical Illusion

ONLY **$1.00**

Scientific optical principle really works. Imagine — you put on the "X-Ray" Specs and hold your hand in front of you. You seem to be able to look right through the flesh and see the bones underneath. Look at your friend. Is that really his body you "see" under his clothes? Loads of laughs and fun at parties. Send only $1 plus 25¢ shipping charges Money Back Guarantee

HONOR HOUSE PRODUCTS CORP
Lynbrook, N Y Dept 472XR92

SKIN HEAD WIG

Most people try to grow hair. This is just the opposite. Made of flesh toned latex to fit all heads, really changes your appearance. Just send $1.00 plus 15¢ for postage and handling.

HONOR HOUSE DEPT. 472SW92 LYNBROOK, N.Y. 11563

8 MM MOTION PICTURE PROJECTOR

Color or Black & White

ONLY **$6.98** Complete

***FREE*: NEW THRILLING SENSATION**

Add 3-D Stereo effect with "Miracle Specs" which makes people look so full and real you can reach out and touch them. One pair comes with each projector. Additional pairs are **$2.98** each.

FEATURES:

- **Sturdy Construction**
- **Complete with Screen**
- **Projects color or black and white**
- **Speed Control for fast or slow motion**
- **Guaranteed**

HAVE ALL THE FUN OF PRIVATE MOVIES NOW AT THIS LOW PRICE

Precision engineered and compact. Completely portable in its own case. Needs no electric outlet since it is battery operated. So simple and safe to use even a child can operate it. Its double lens focusing is sure and easy for bright, clear pictures.

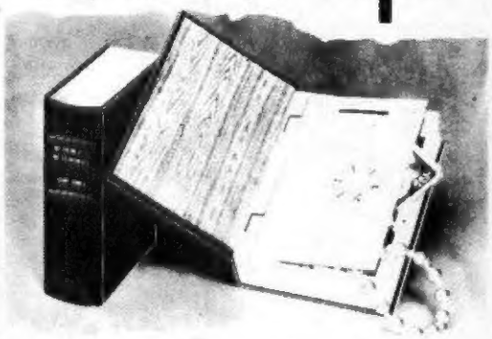
10 DAY FREE TRIAL—Money back guarantee on 10 day free trial. Don't delay—send $6.98 plus 75c for postage and handling or send $1.00 good will deposit and pay postman balance on delivery plus C.O.D. and postage charges. Add $2.98 for each pair of additional "Miracle Specs."

HONOR HOUSE PROD. CORP., DEPT. 472NP92
Lynbrook, New York 11563
N. Y. State Residents add applicable Sales Tax.

SECRET BOOK SAFE

With Combination Lock Only You Can Open

ONLY **$1.00**



The Secret Book Safe looks just like any book so no one would think to look for valuables in it. But even chance discovery leaves your possessions safe — securely locked by a combination only YOU know — because YOU yourself have set it. Simple instructions show you how. Tough under structure is covered with simulated leather binding to look just like a real book. Just send $1.00 plus 35c postage and handling for each book safe you want. Money back if you are not satisfied.

HONOR HOUSE DEPT. 472BS92 LYNBROOK, N.Y. 11563

PELLET FIRING

LUGER® AUTOMATIC

- **MAGAZINE LOADING CLIP**
- **OVER 15 MOVING PARTS**
- **FULLY AUTOMATIC**

ONLY **$1.98**

Not Sold In New York City

Automatic full size model of a Luger Automatic pistol —contains over 15 moving parts. Loads 8 complete rounds which snap into the hard butt simulating a Luger. Fires 8 bullet shaped pellets. Has automatic slide action. **Made of heavy, high-impact styrene with amazing attention to detail.**

MOST AUTHENTIC MODEL GUN WE'VE EVER SEEN

Comes to you with working parts disassembled with cleverly engineered springs, full instructions, supply of pellets and targets. Full Money Back Guarantee. Simply send $1.98 plus 50c shipping charge

HONOR HOUSE CORP., 472LG92 Lynbrook, N. Y.

® T.M. Used by consent of Stoeger Arms Corp.
NY State residents add state and local sales tax.

ALL SENSE OF REALITY LEAVES THE DAZED WOMAN'S BRAIN AS THE FEARSOME CREATURE STALKS HER...
Y-YOU CAN'T BE REAL! YOU'RE JUST A THING OUT OF A SCRIPT! GO AWAY--LEAVE ME ALONE! HELP!
BUT IT IS REAL! SOMEHOW THAT CREATURE HAS COME TO LIFE! IT'S GOING TO KILL ME!
I'LL JUMP! EEEEE!
HUH! THE FOOL DID JUMP! B-BUT I ONLY WANTED TO GIVE HER A BAD SCARE!
CRASH
AAAAAA!
MY PLAN WORKED TOO WELL! I--I'VE MURDERED HER! GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!
AND THEN, AS BOGGS STARES DOWN AT THE CRUSHED BODY, HE FEELS SOMEONE BEHIND HIM!
H-HUH! S-SOMEBODY BEHIND ME, IN THIS ROOM! I-I'M AFRAID TO TURN AROUND!
SOMETHING TOUCHES THE TERRIFIED MAN ON THE SHOULDER AND HE SLOWLY TURNS! THEN...
OH, NO! YIIIIII! FALLING! AAAA!
WHAT BOGGS SAW...
ARRRGGRR!
THE MORAL IS--NEVER INVENT A MONSTER! SOMETIMES IT IS EASIER TO SUMMON ON THE POWERS OF DARKNESS THAN IT IS TO GET RID OF THEM! AND WHEN A FELLA NEEDS A FIEND, AS POOR BOGGS DID, HE MUST EXPECT TO END ON THE COLDEST BED OF THEM ALL--A SLAB IN THE MORGUE...
The End